111 E

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1798

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FAL LAL LA

The Favorite Welch Air

Sung by Mrs BLAND in the

CHEROKEE.

Pr. 1.s

London Printed & Sold by R.t Birchall at his Musical Circulating Library 132 New Bond Street

A

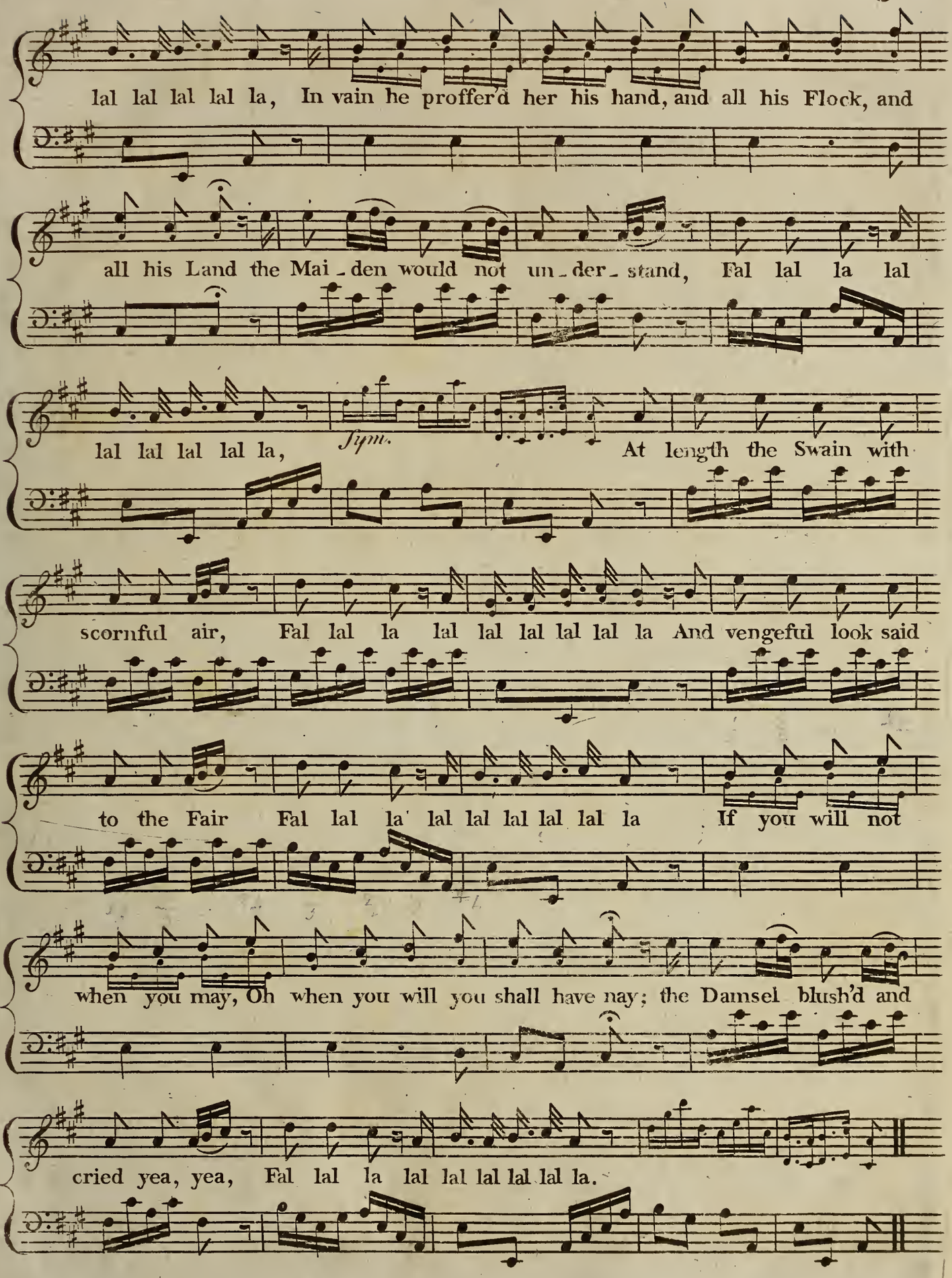
Shepherd wand'ring in a Grove Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la Descried his fair re

lentless Love Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la And as to her he made his moan, the

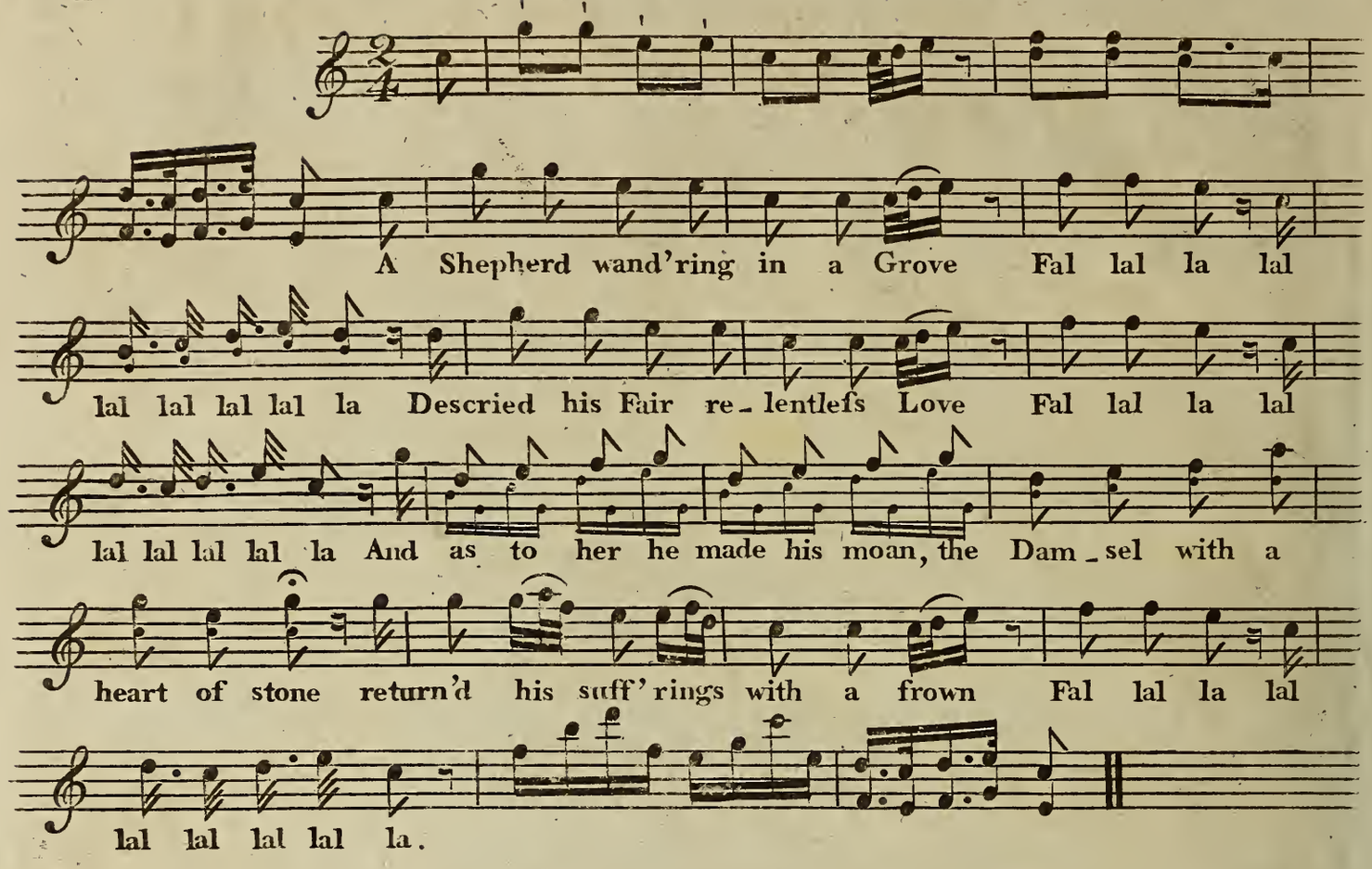
Damsel with a heart of stone return'd his suff'rings with a frown, Fal lal la lal

lal lal lal lal la *Sym.* In vain the Shepherd did complain,

Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la the fair one only mock'd his pain, Fal lal la lal


lal lal lal lal la, In vain he profferd her his hand, and all his Flock, and
all his Land the Mai-den would not un-der-stand, Fal lal la lal
lal lal lal lal la, Sym. At length the Swain with
scornful air, Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la And vengeful look said
to the Fair Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la If you will not
when you may, Oh when you will you shall have nay; the Damsel blush'd and
cried yea, yea, Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal la.

GUITTAR


A Shepherd wand'ring in a Grove Fal lal la lal
lal lal lal lal la Descried his Fair re-lentleſs Love Fal lal la lal
lal lal lal lal la And as to her he made his moan, the Dam-sel with a
heart of stone return'd his ſuff'rings with a frown Fal lal la lal
lal lal lal lal la.

For the German Flute

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Spoil'd Child

Price 6d.

Act: 1.

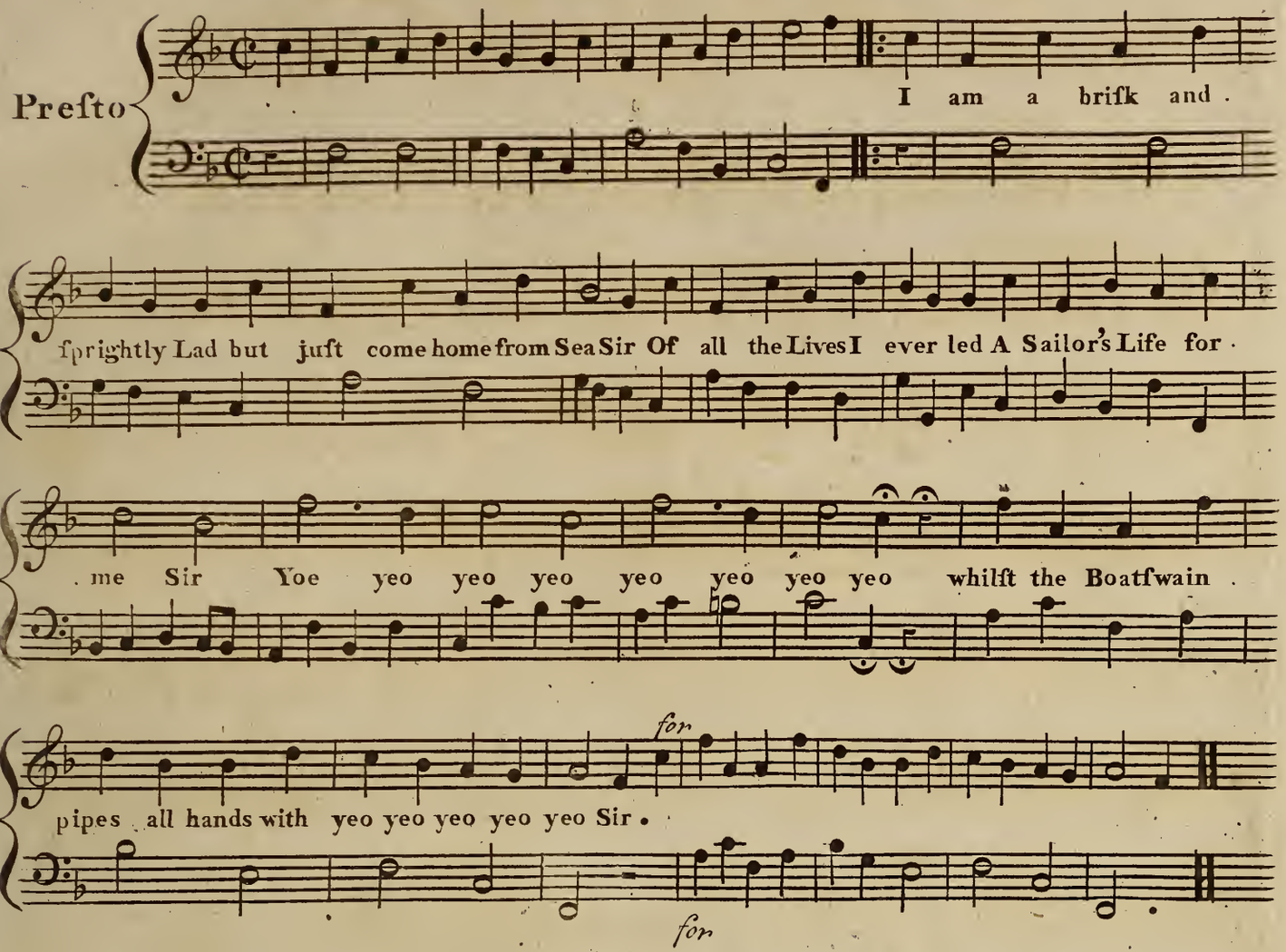
Allegretto
Since then I'm doom'd this sad Reverse to
prove To quit each Ob--ject of my infant Care Torn from an honour'd
Parents tender Love and driv'n the keeneſt - keeneſt Storms of Fate to bear Ah but for
give me pitied let me part Ah but for give me pitied let me
part Your Frowns too ſure wou'd break my ſinking Heart Your Frowns to ſure wou'd
break my ſinking ſinking Heart
for
for

2

Where'er I go whate'er my lowly State,
Yet grateful mem'ry ſtill ſhall linger here,
And when perhaps you're muſing o'er my Fate,
You ſtill may greet me with a tender Tear,
Ah then forgive me pitied let me part
Your frowns too ſure wou'd break my ſinking heart

Act. 2d

Sung by Mrs Jordan in the Spoil'd Child


Presto
I am a brisk and
sprightly Lad but just come home from Sea Sir Of all the Lives I ever led A Sailor's Life for
me Sir Yoe yeo yeo yeo yeo yeo yeo yeo whilst the Boatswain
for
pipes all hands with yeo yeo yeo yeo yeo Sir.
for

2

What Girl but loves the merry Tar,
We o'er the Ocean roam Sir;
In ev'ry Clime we find a Port,
In ev'ry Port a Home Sir.
Yeo yeo &c.

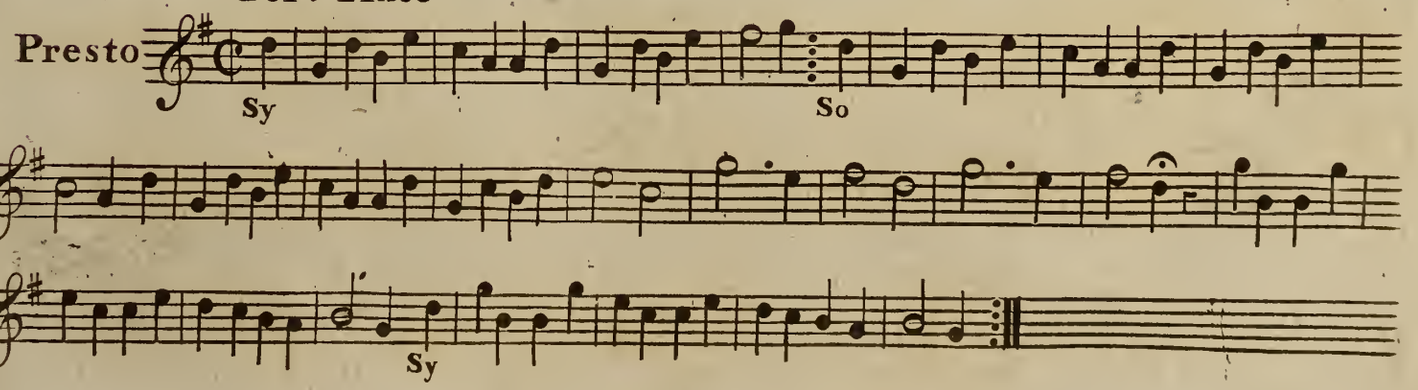
3

But when our Country's Foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his Gun Sir;
We make the boasting French men fly,
And bang the haughty Don Sir.
Yeo yeo &c.

4

Our Foes subdu'd once more on Shore,
We spend our Cash with Glee Sir,
And when all's gone we drown our Care,
And out again to Sea Sir.
Yeo yeo &c.

Ger: Flute



Come unto these yellow sands.

A favorite Song in the

TEMPEST,

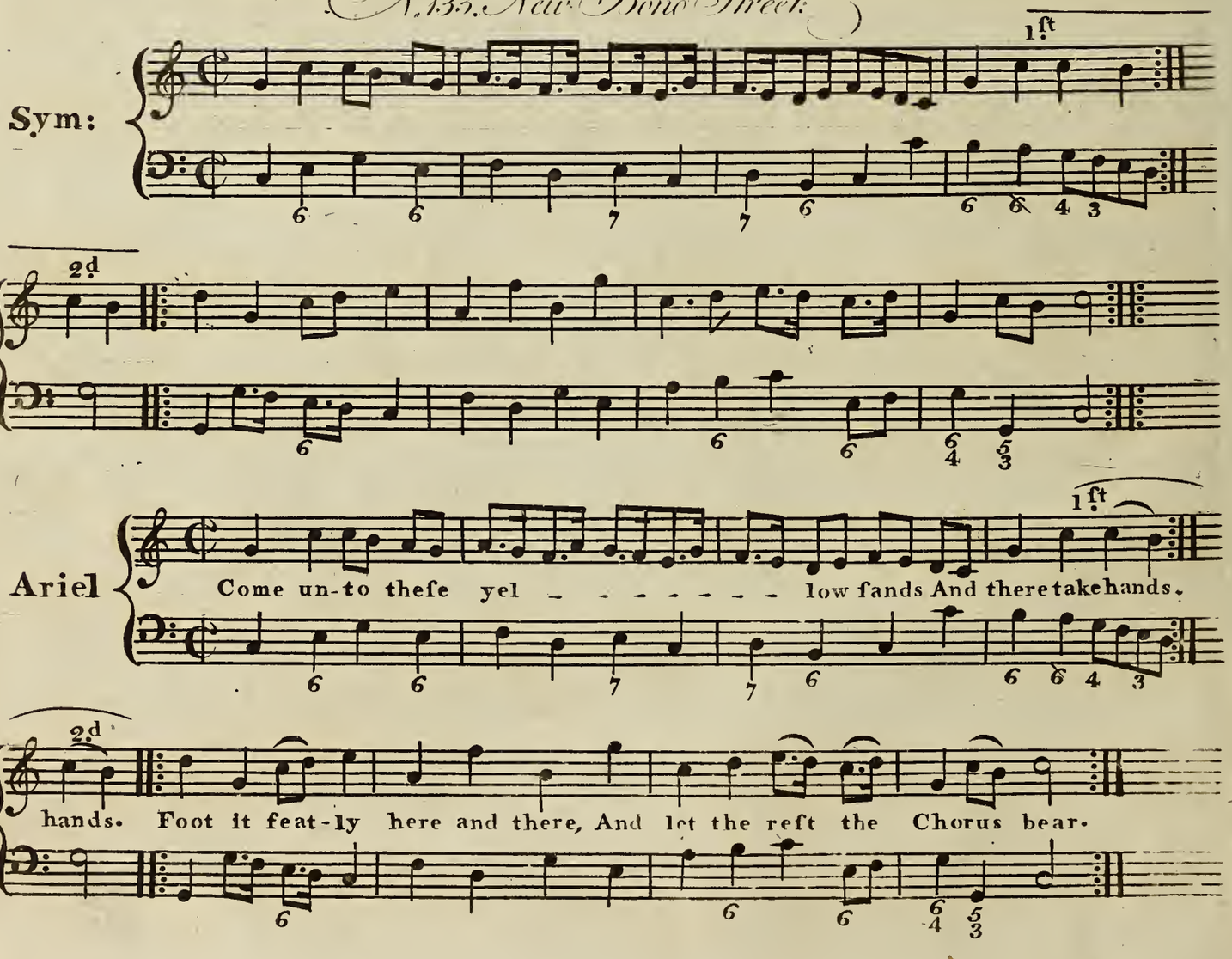
Compofed by

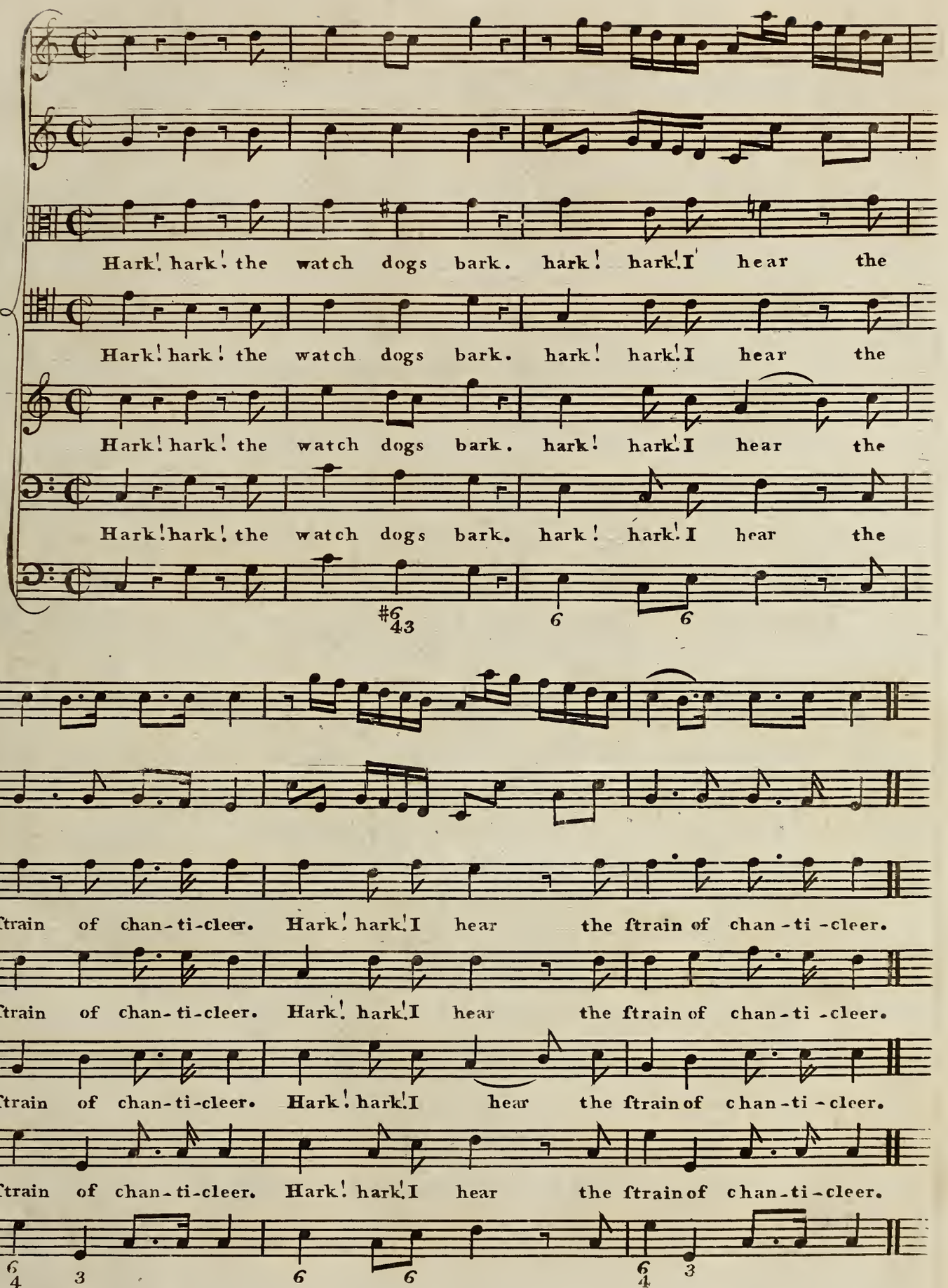
Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

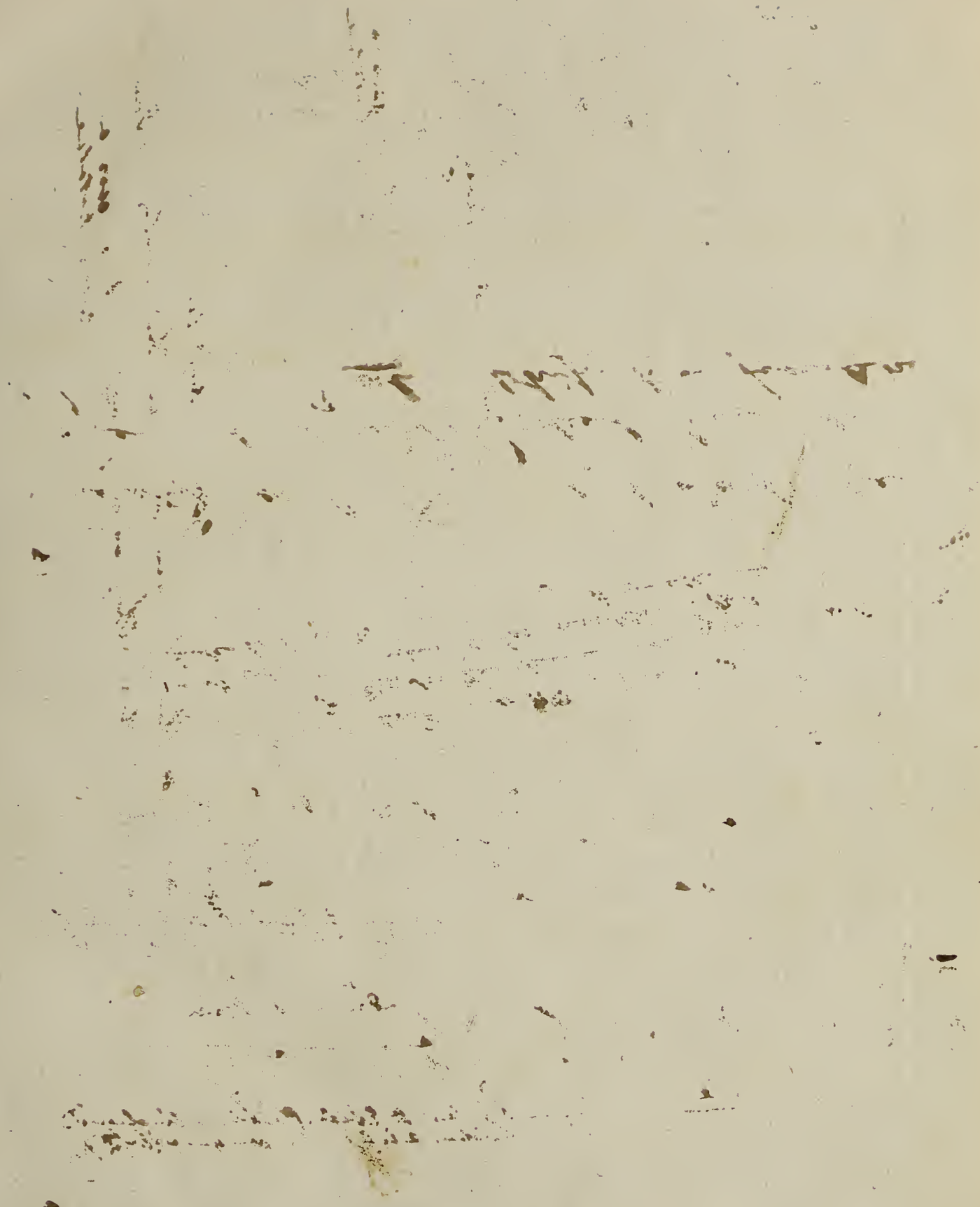
Pr. 6d

LONDON.

Printed for Robt. Birchall, at his Musical Library, Handels Head, N.133. New Bond Street.


Sym:
1st
2d
Ariel
1st
Come un-to these yel - - - - - - - low sands And there take hands.
2d
hands. Foot it feat-ly here and there, And let the reft the Chorus bear.


Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark. hark! hark! I hear the
Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark. hark! hark! I hear the
Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark. hark! hark! I hear the
Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark. hark! hark! I hear the
#6 4 3
6
6
ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer. Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer.
ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer. Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer.
ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer. Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer.
ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer. Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of chan-ti-cleer.
6 4 3
6
6
6 4 3



In the Dead of the Night.

as Sung by

Master Knyvett,

at the

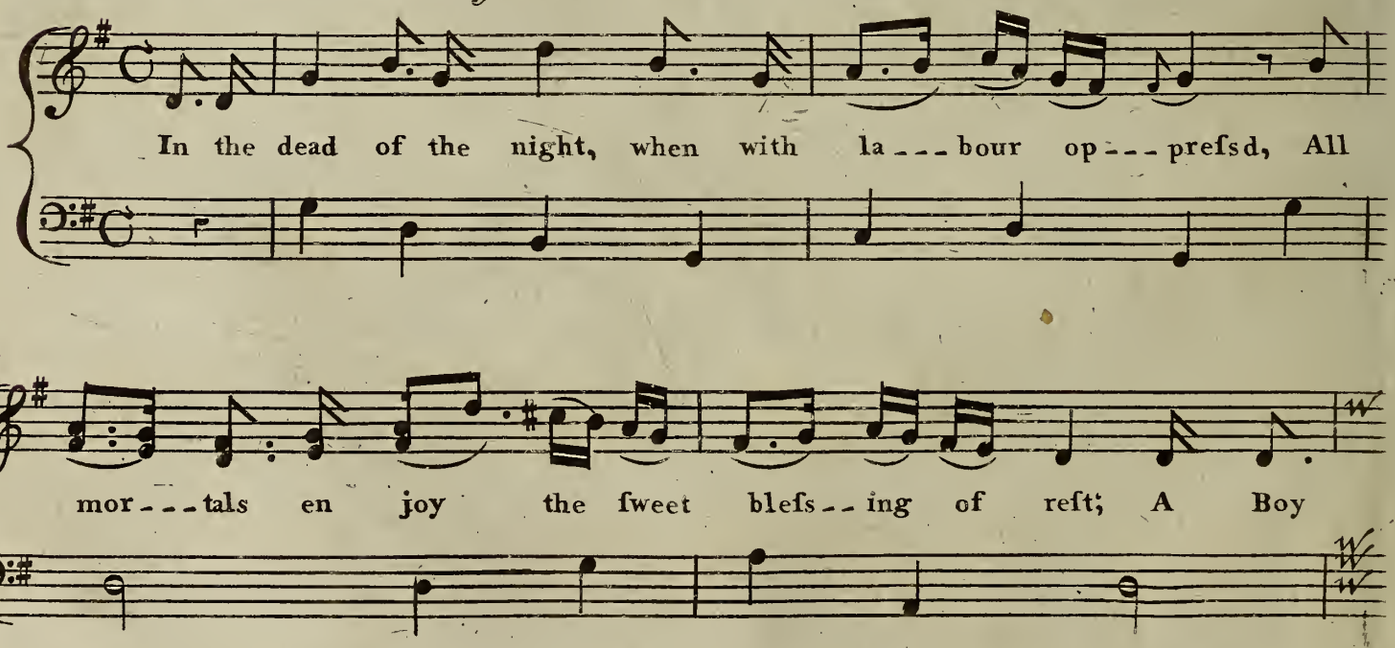
Vocal Concerts

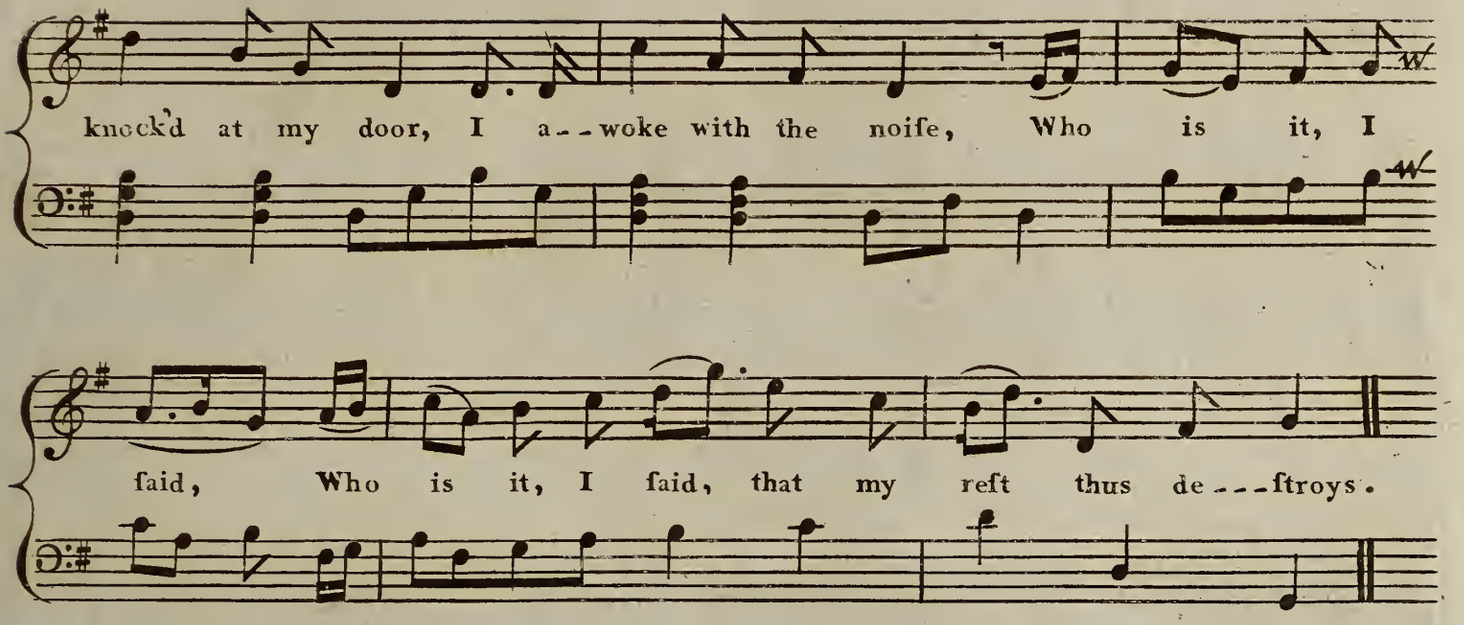
Willis's Rooms.

& by Mrs. Jordan, in the Wedding Day.

Price 1s

Printed & Sold by Rt. Birchall, 133 New Bond Street.





2
He anſwer'd ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child,
It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way, ſo pray, let me in.

3
In compaſsion I roſe, and ſtriking a light,
I open'd the door, when a boy appear'd in ſight,
He had wings at his ſhoulders, the rain from them dripp'd,
And with a bow and arrow, the boy was equipp'd.

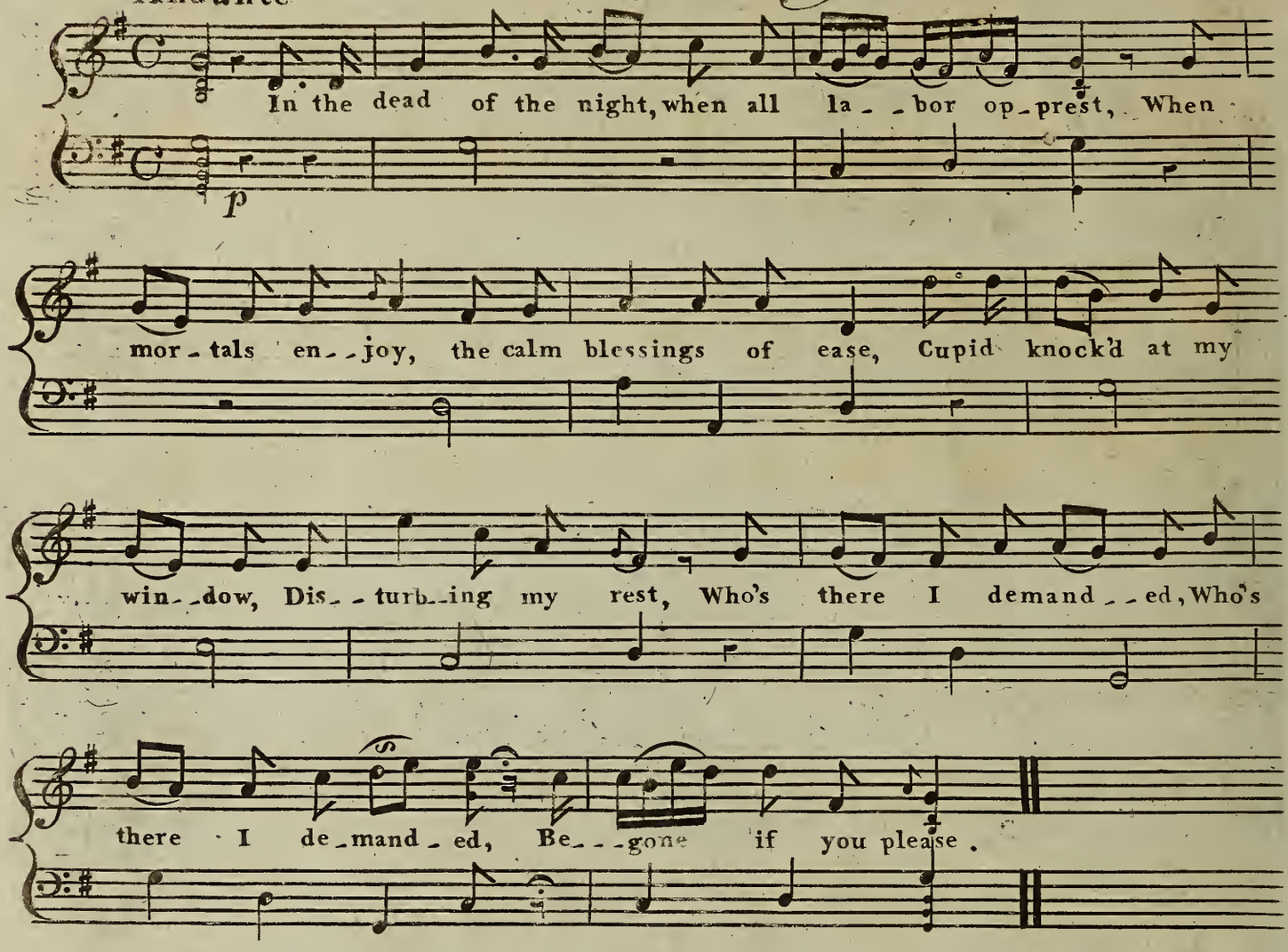
4
I ſtir'd up my fire, ſet him down by my ſide,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd
I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And with my hand I wrung the wet from his hair.

5
No ſooner from wet and from cold he found eaſe,
When taking up his bow, ſaid, Madam, if you pleaſe,
If you pleaſe I wou'd fain, by experiment know,
If the rain has not damag'd the ſtring of my bow.

6
Then ſtraight, from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which aïming at my heart, twang went the yew!
My bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart,
But you will find ſome trouble in bearing the ſmart.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the Wedding Day.

Andante


In the dead of the night, when all la_bor op_prest, When
p
mor_tals en_joy, the calm blessings of ease, Cupid knock'd at my
win_dow, Dis_turb_ing my rest, Who's there I demand_ed, Who's
there I de_mand_ed, Be_gone if you please.

2

He answer'd so meekly, so modest & mild
Dear Ma'am it is I an unfortunate child,
Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin
I have lost my way ma'am, so pray let me in.

3

No sooner from cold and from wet he got ease,
Then taking his Bow, he said Ma'am if you please,
If you please ma'am said he, from experience I'd know
If the rain has damag'd the string of my Bow.

4

Away trip'd the urchin, as brisk as a Bee,
And laughing I wish you much joy ma'am said he,
My bow is not damag'd, and true went the dart,
But you will have trouble, enough with the smart.

The pretty Maids, and loving Wives.

A Favorite Song,

Sung by Mrs. Martyr

IN THE POOR SAILOR,

OR

Little Bob and Little Ben

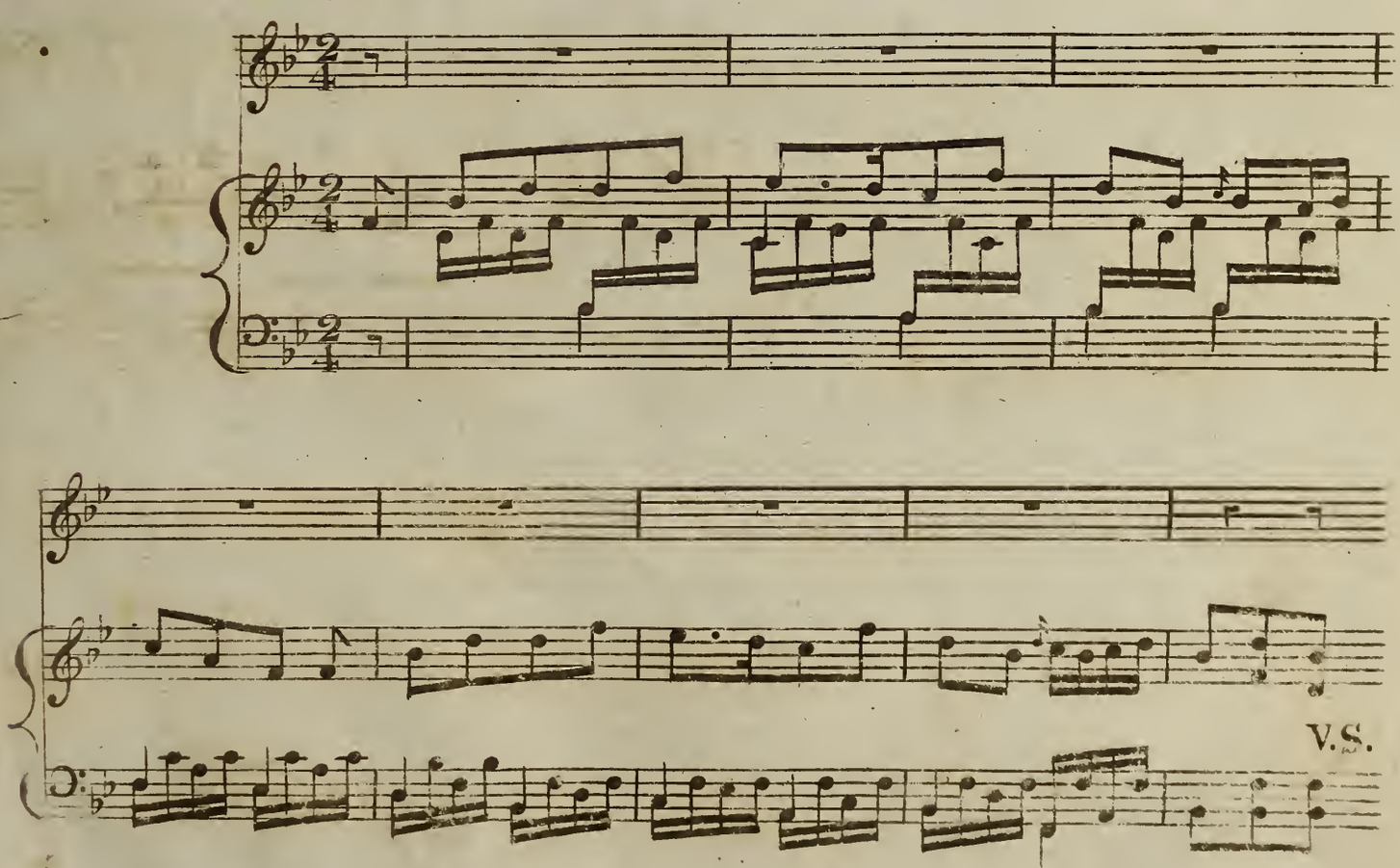
at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

Composed by

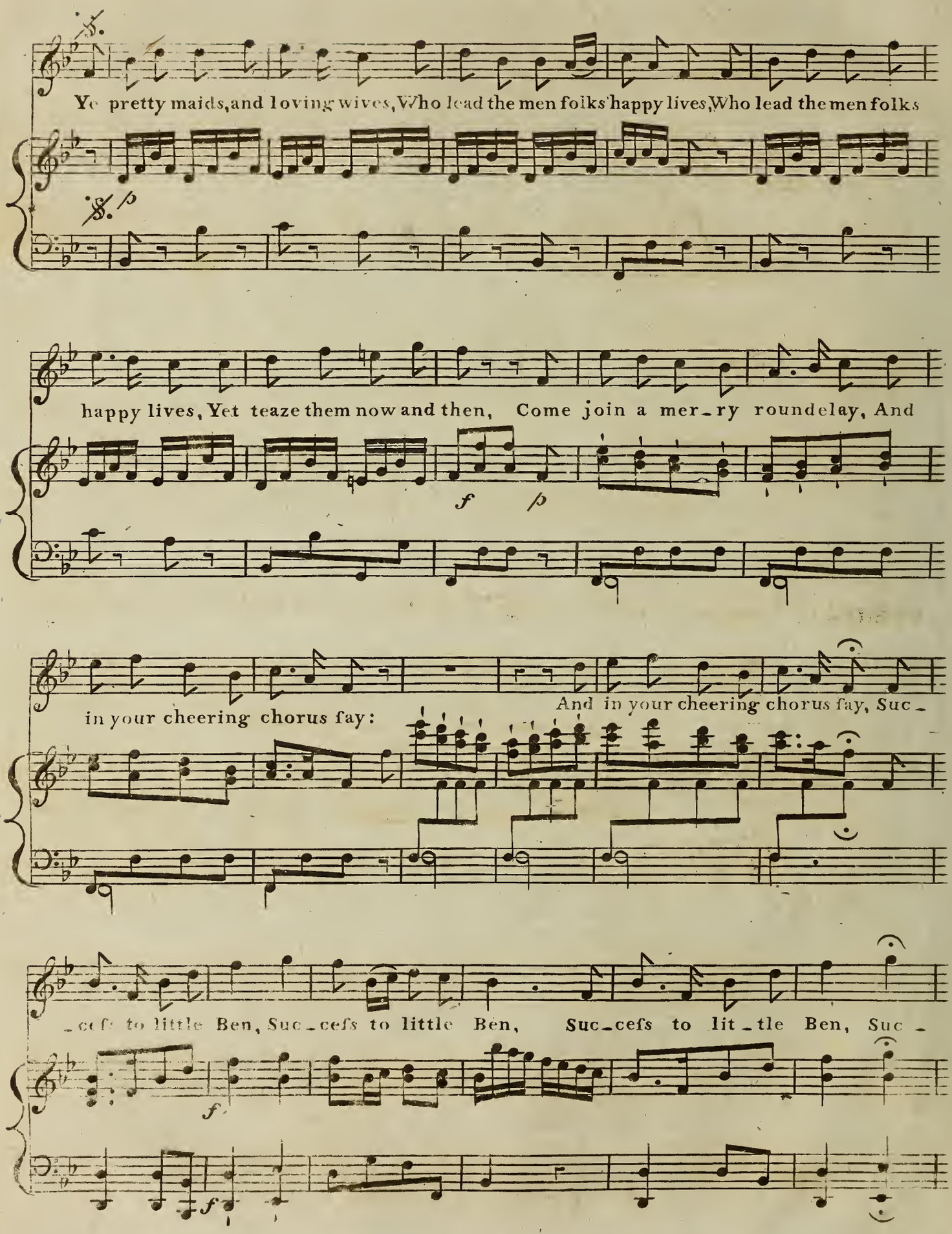
THOMAS ATTWOOD.

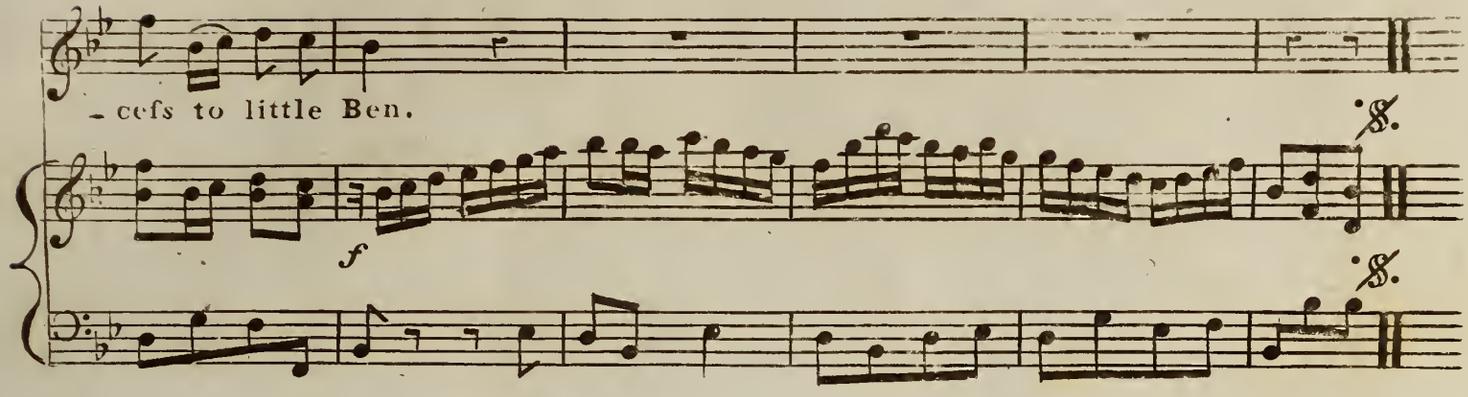
Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Haymarket.



Thos. Attwood


Ye pretty maids, and loving wives, Who lead the men folks happy lives, Who lead the men folks
happy lives, Yet teaze them now and then, Come join a mer_ry roundelay, And
in your cheering chorus fay:
And in your cheering chorus fay, Suc_
_ces to little Ben, Suc_ceſs to little Ben,
Suc_ceſs to lit_tle Ben, Suc_



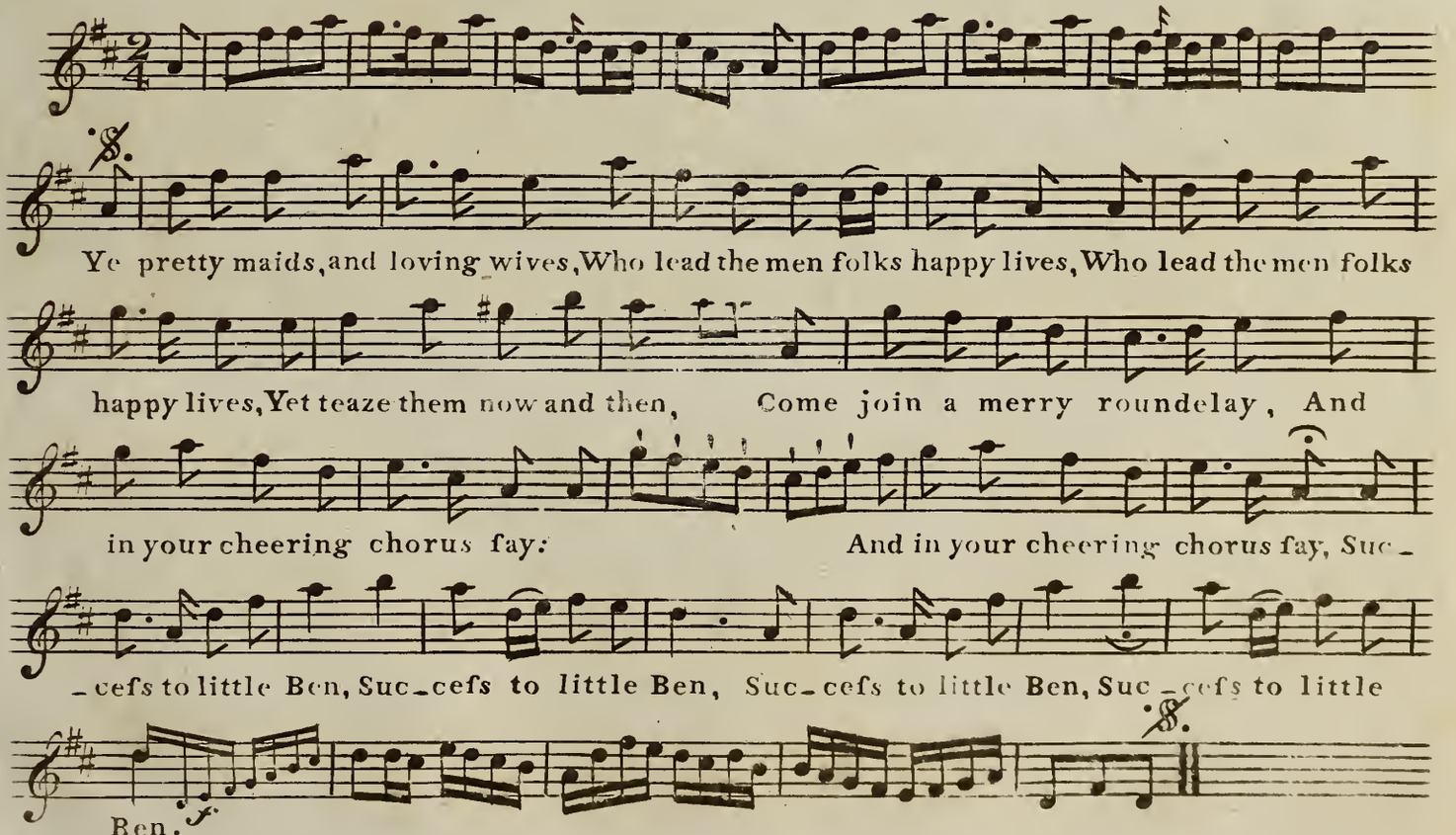
2

Ye bucks and bloods, ye wags and wits,
Ye beaux, ye fmarts, and honest cits,
I have you in my ken,
Come join a merry roundelay;
And in your cheering chorus fay,
Succefs to little Ben.

3

My brother failors all around,
And foldiers brave with laurel crown'd,
I know you feel like men:
Come join a merry roundelay,
And in your cheering chorus fay,
Succefs to little Ben.

German Flute


S.
Ye pretty maids, and loving wives, Who lead the men folks happy lives, Who lead the men folks
happy lives, Yet teaze them now and then, Come join a merry roundelay, And
in your cheering chorus fay: And in your cheering chorus fay, Suc-
-cefs to little Ben, Suc-cefs to little Ben, Suc-cefs to little Ben, Suc-cefs to little
Ben.
f
S.

TEARS THAT EXHALE

A favorite Song

Sung by Master Walsh in

THE PRISONER

Composed by T. C. Attwood

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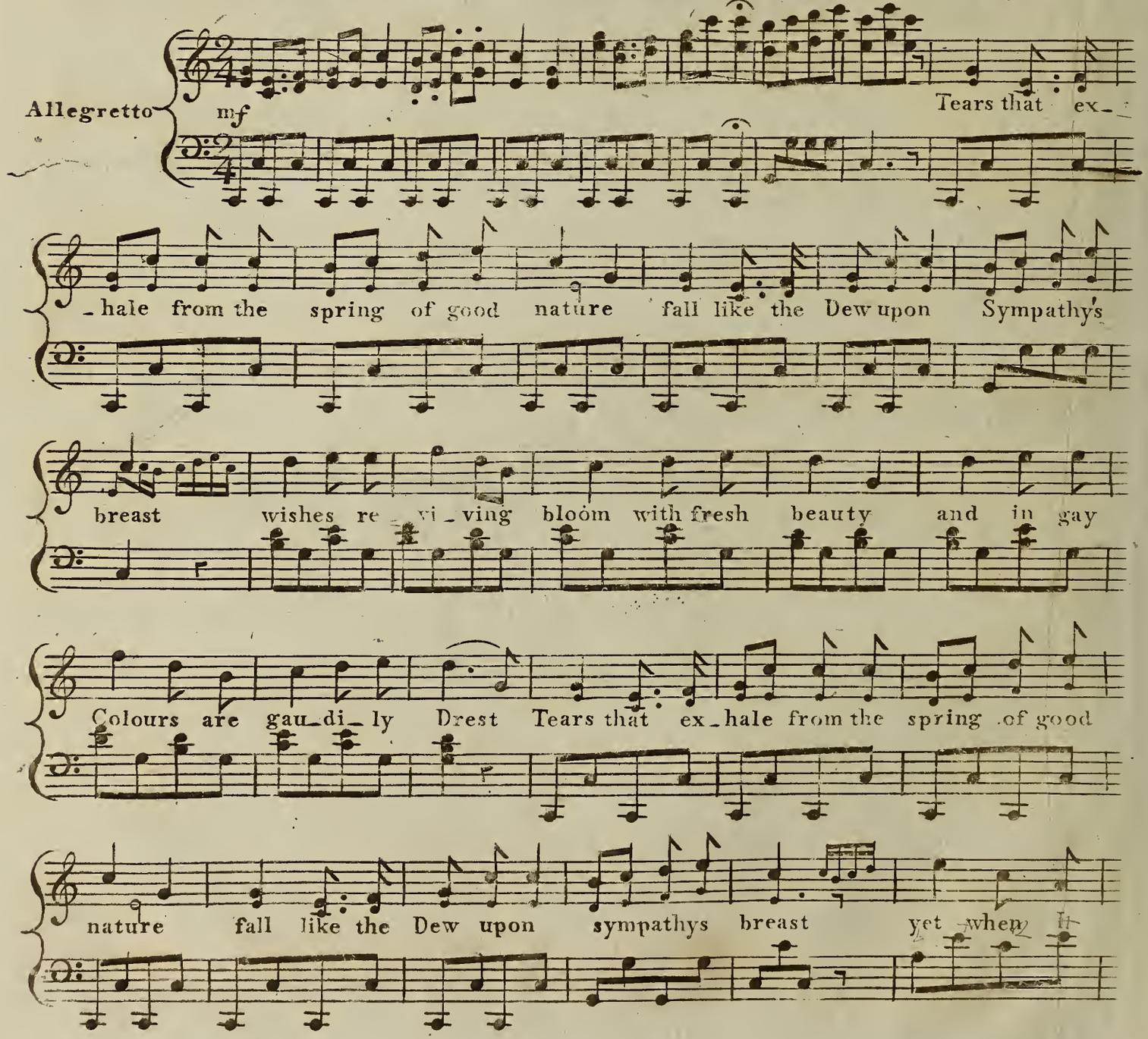
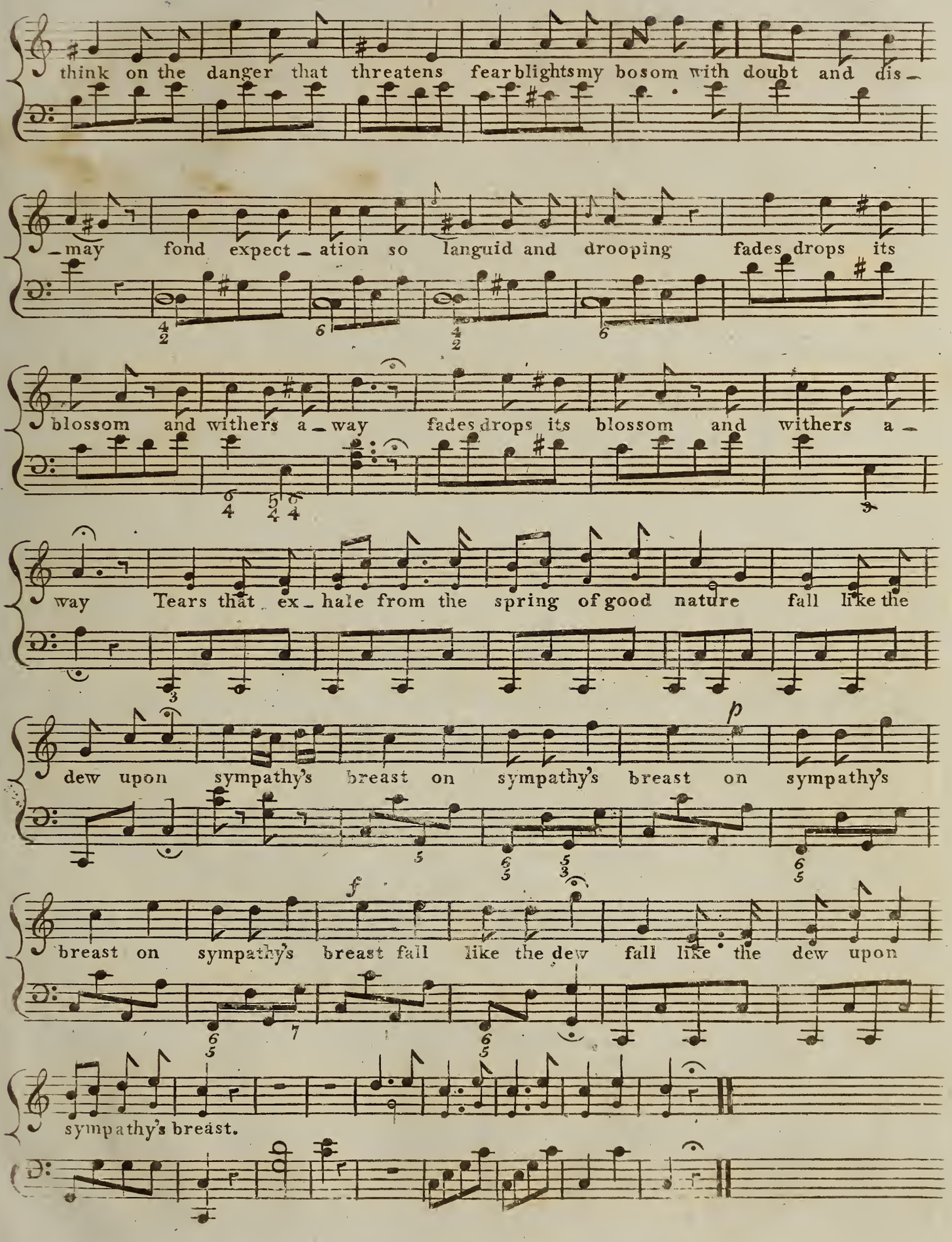
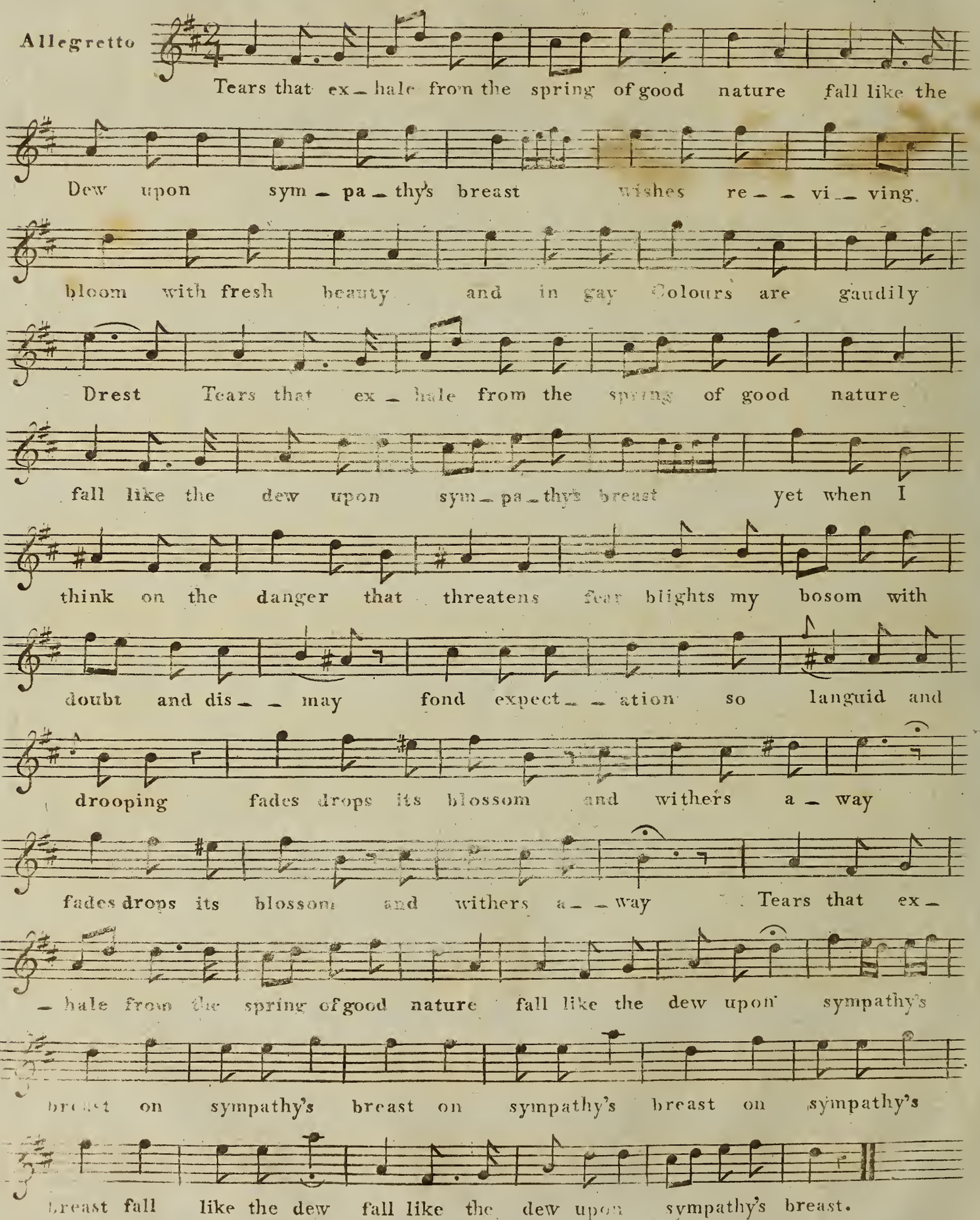

Allegretto
mf
Tears that ex_
_hale from the spring of good nature fall like the Dew upon Sympathy's
breast wishes re_vi_ving bloom with fresh beauty and in gay
Colours are gau_di_ly Drest Tears that ex_hale from the spring of good
nature fall like the Dew upon sympathys breast yet when


think on the danger that threatens fear blights my bosom with doubt and dis_
_may fond expect_ation so languid and drooping fades drops its
blossom and withers a_way fades drops its blossom and withers a_
way Tears that ex_hale from the spring of good nature fall like the
dew upon sympathy's breast on sympathy's breast on sympathy's
p
breast on sympathy's breast fall like the dew fall like the dew upon
f
sympathy's breast.

German Flute


Allegretto
Tears that ex_hale from the spring of good nature fall like the
Dew upon sym_pa_thy's breast wishes re_vi_ving
bloom with fresh beauty and in gay Colours are gaudily
Drest Tears that ex_hale from the spring of good nature
fall like the dew upon sym_pa_thy's breast yet when I
think on the danger that threatens fear blights my bosom with
doubt and dis_may fond expect_ation so languid and
drooping fades drops its blossom and withers a_way
fades drops its blossom and withers a_way Tears that ex_
_hale from the spring of good nature fall like the dew upon sympathy's
breast on sympathy's breast on sympathy's breast on sympathy's
breast fall like the dew fall like the dew upon sympathy's breast.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

written & composed

by

Mr. DIBDIN

for his entertainment

called

THE WAGS

OR THE CAMP OF PLEASURE.

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London Printed & Sold by the Author; at his Music Warehouses N 411 Strand.

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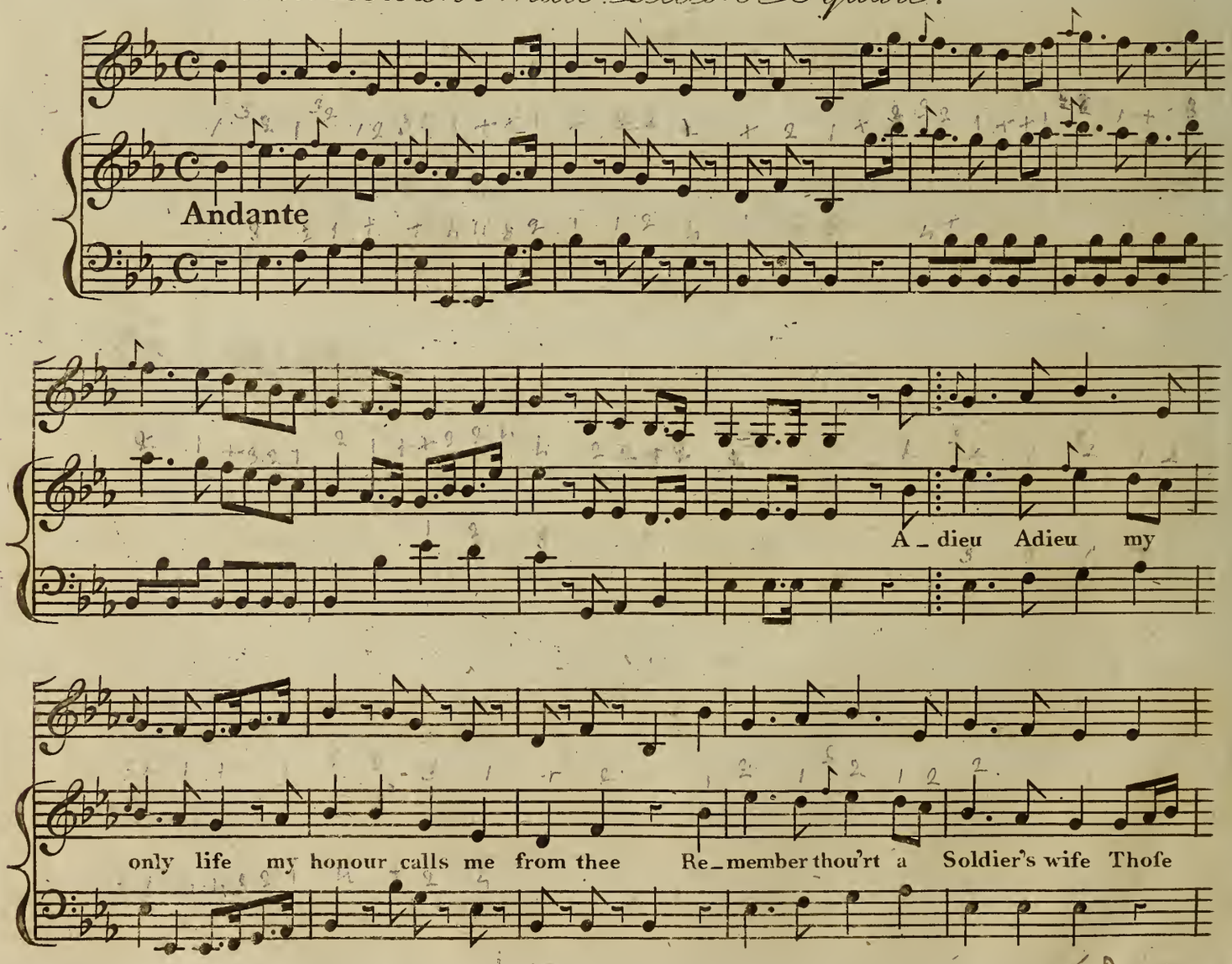
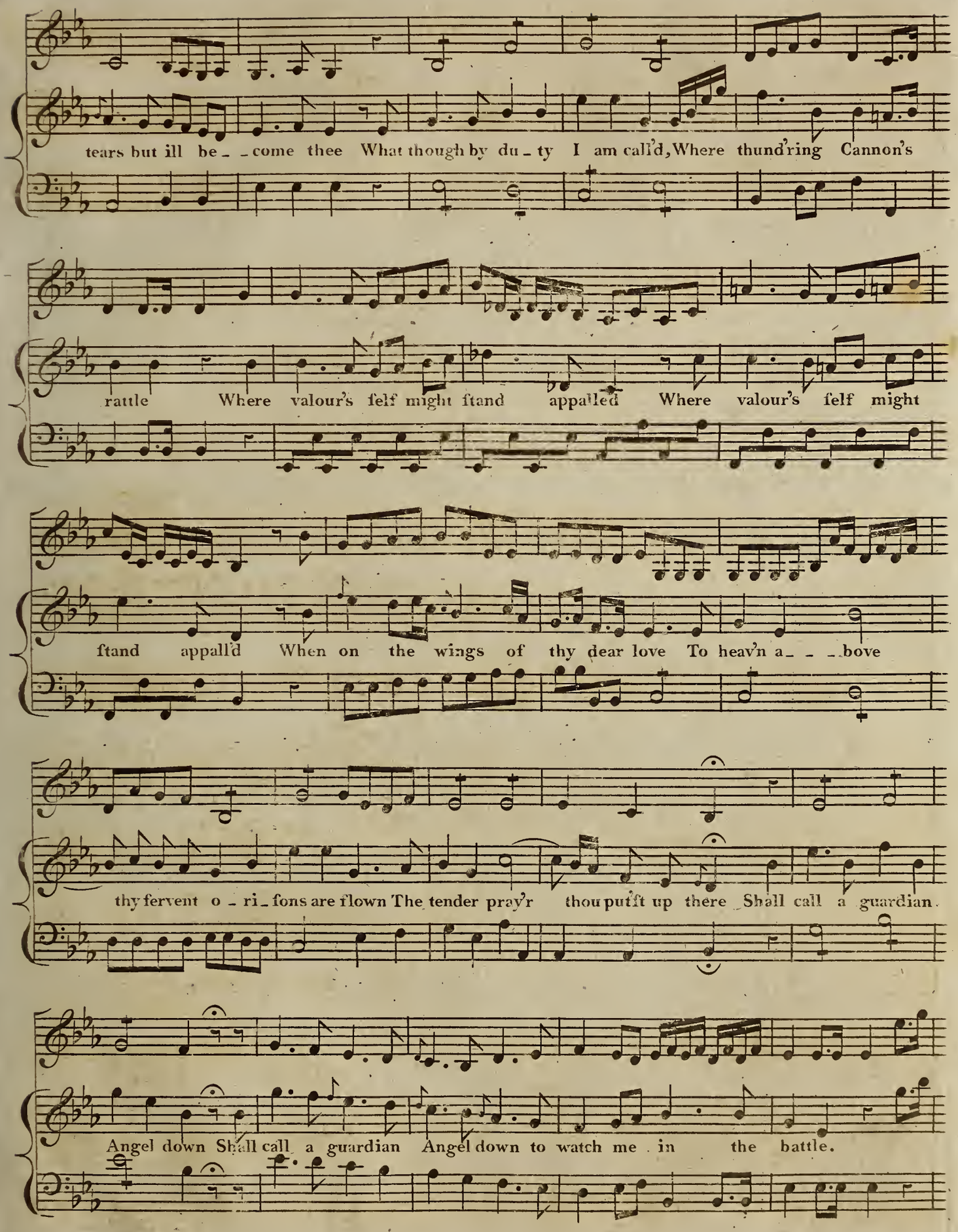
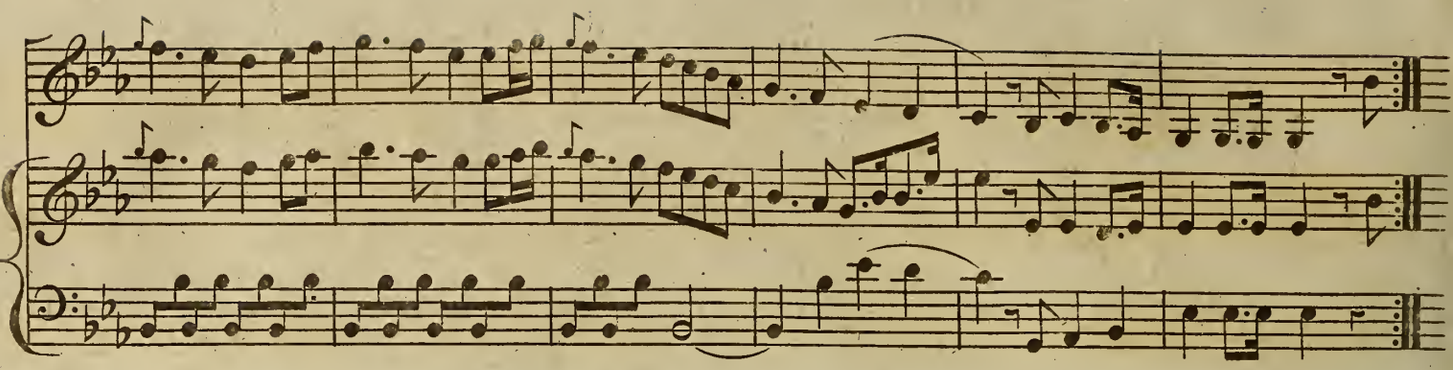



tears but ill be_ _come thee What though by du_ty I am call'd, Where thund'ring Cannon's
rattle Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appalled Where valour's ſelf might
ſtand appall'd When on the wings of thy dear love To heav'n a_ _ _bove
thy fervent o_ri_ſons are flown The tender pray'r thou putſt up there Shall call a guardian
Angel down Shall call a guardian Angel down to watch me in the battle.



2

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving,
My life ſhall be more dear to me
Becauſe of thy preſerving:

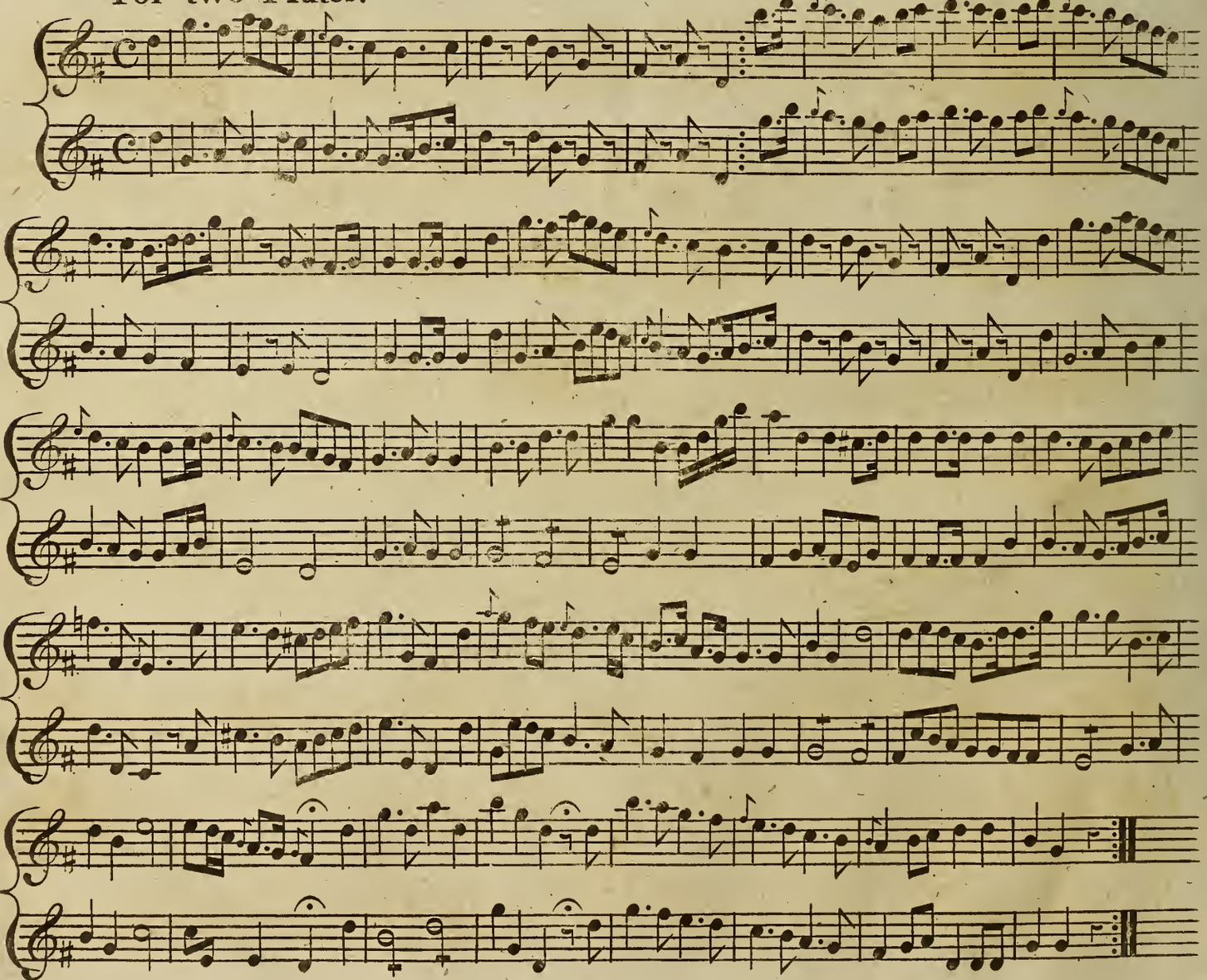
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
Ill fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſsured when on the wings of love
To heaven above, &c.

3

Enough, with that benignant ſmile,
Some kindred God inſpired thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee:

I go, aſsured, my life adieu,
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

For two Flutes.



My native Land I bade adieu

A favorite Song Sung by Mr. Sedgwick in the

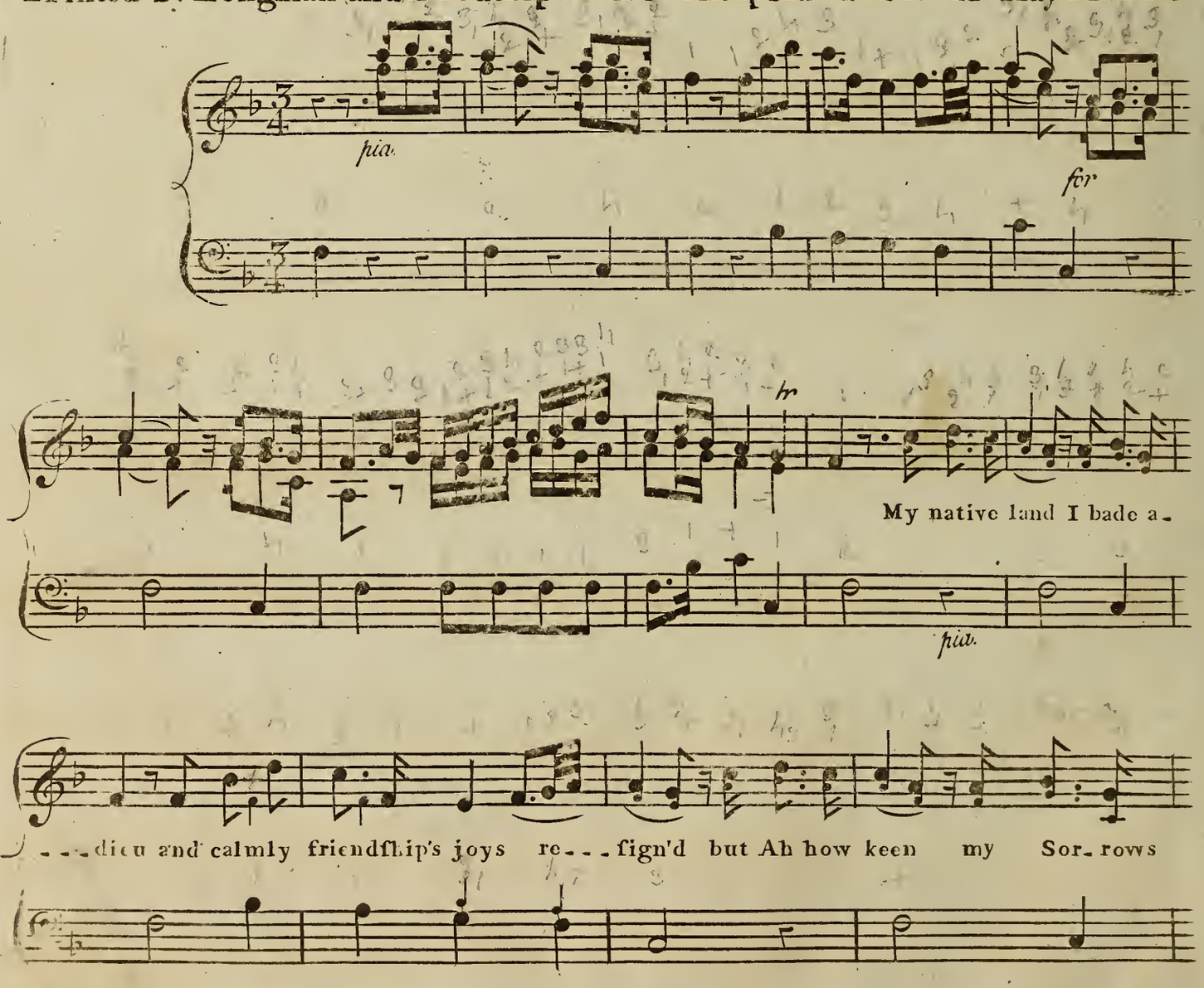
HAUNTED TOWER

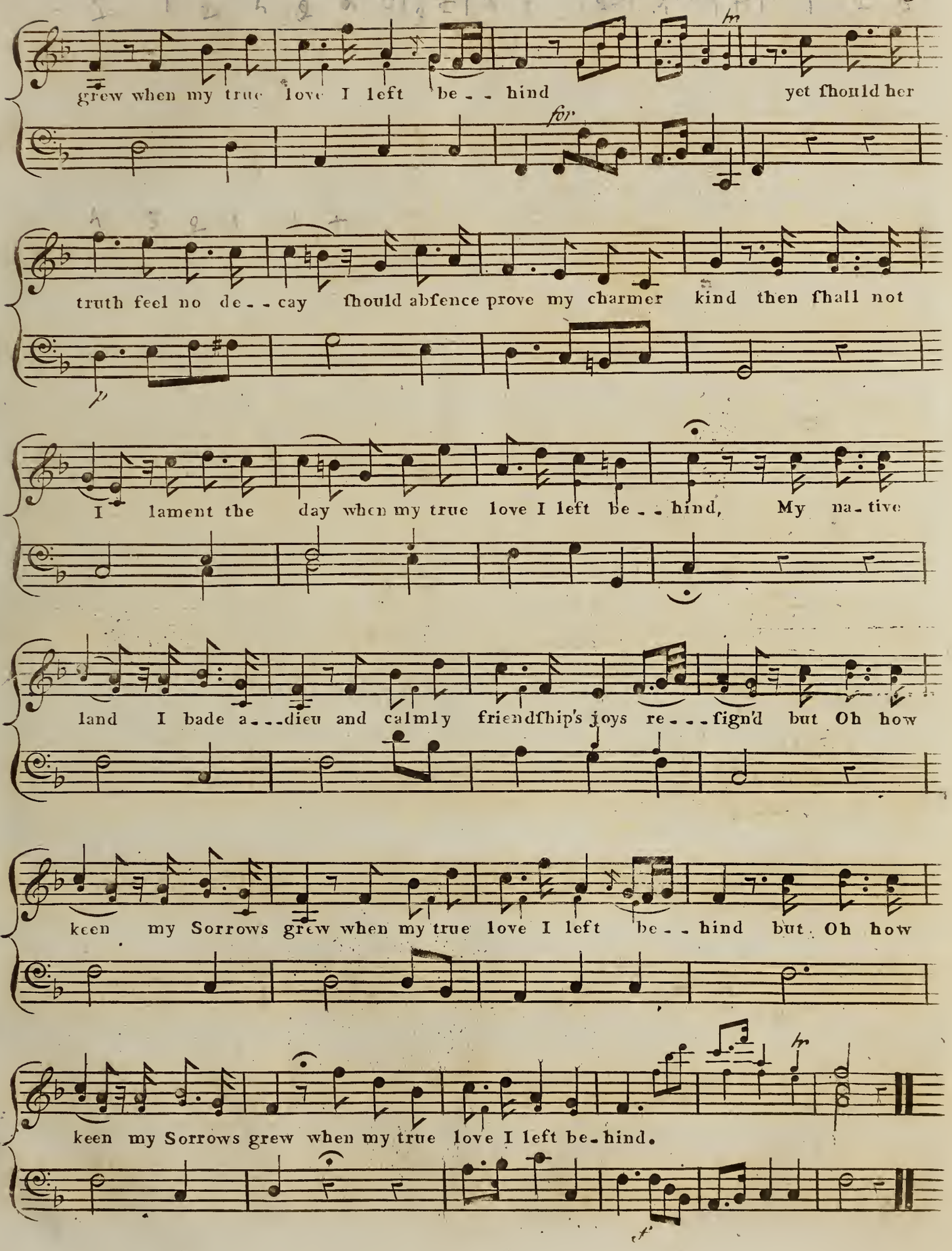
Composed by

S. STORACE

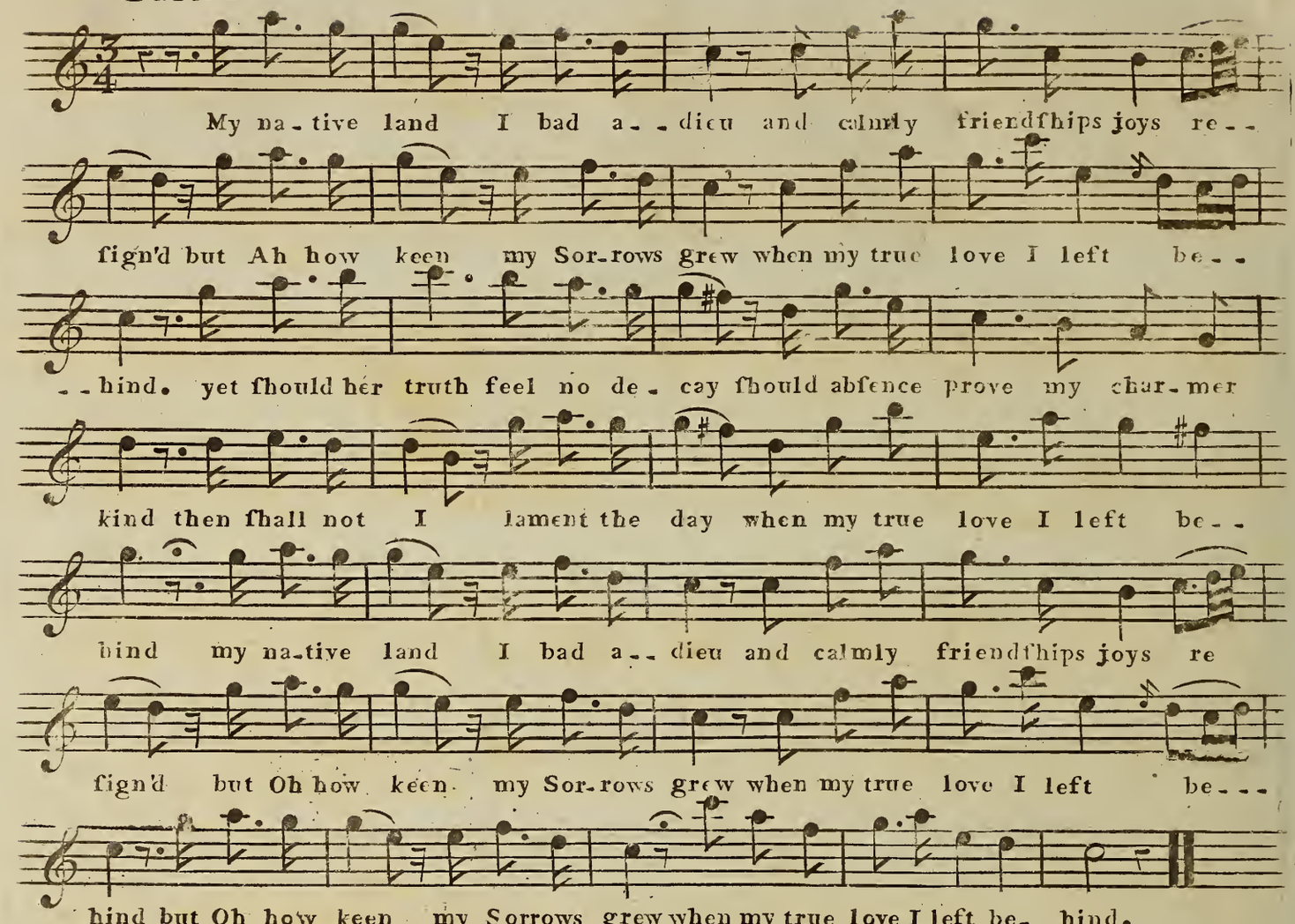
Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 1s

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market

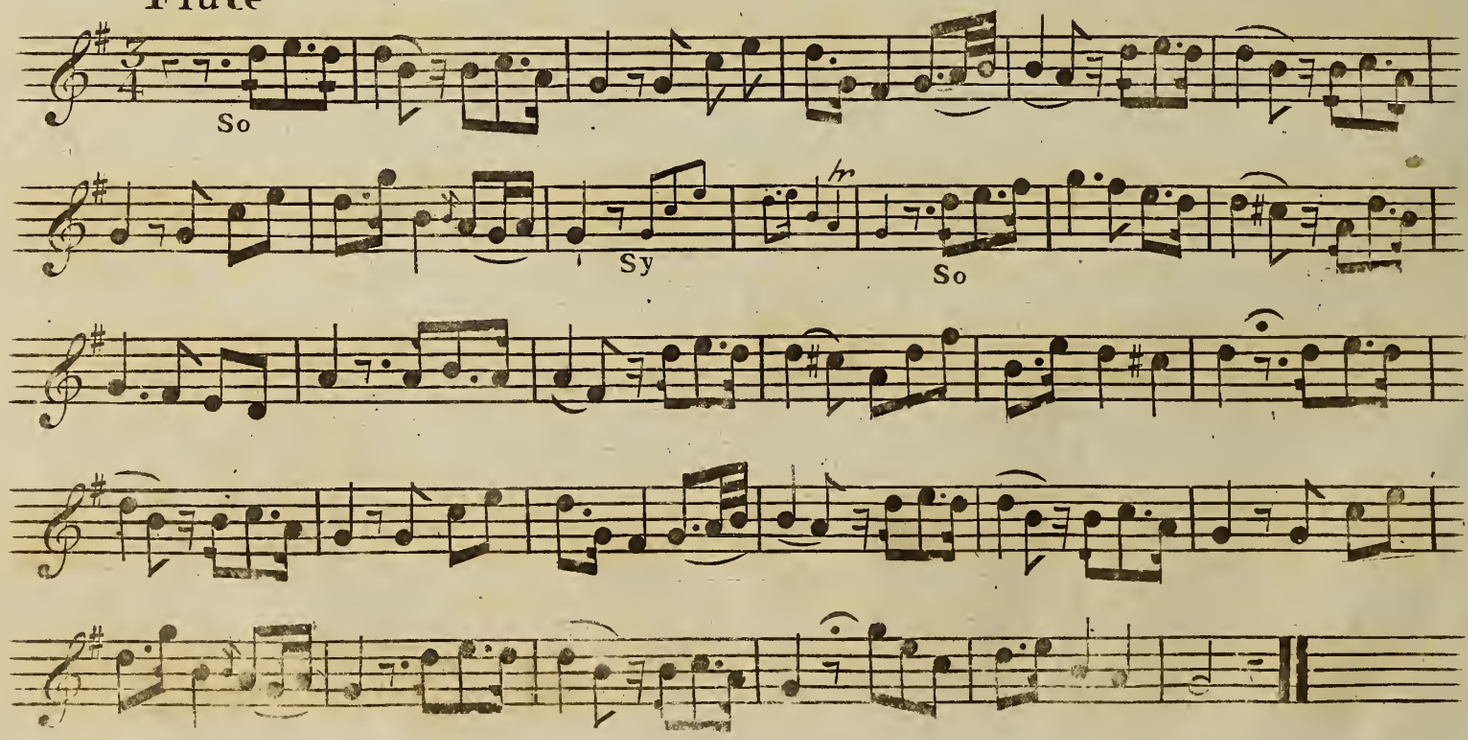



grew when my true love I left be - - hind yet ſhould her
for
truth feel no de - - cay ſhould abſence prove my charmer kind then ſhall not
I lament the day when my true love I left be - - hind, My na - tive
land I bade a - - - dieu and calmly friendſhip's joys re - - - ſign'd but Oh how
keen my Sorrows grew when my true love I left be - - hind but Oh how
keen my Sorrows grew when my true love I left be - hind.

4. Guitar


My na-tive land I bad a--dieu and calmly friendſhips joys re--
ſign'd but Ah how keen my Sor-rows grew when my true love I left be--
--hind. yet ſhould her truth feel no de-cay ſhould abſence prove my char-mer
kind then ſhall not I lament the day when my true love I left be--
hind my na-tive land I bad a--dieu and calmly friendſhips joys re
ſign'd but Oh how keen my Sor-rows grew when my true love I left be---
hind but Oh how keen my Sorrows grew when my true love I left be- hind.

Flute



Lashid to the Helm,

a favourite SEA SONG sung by

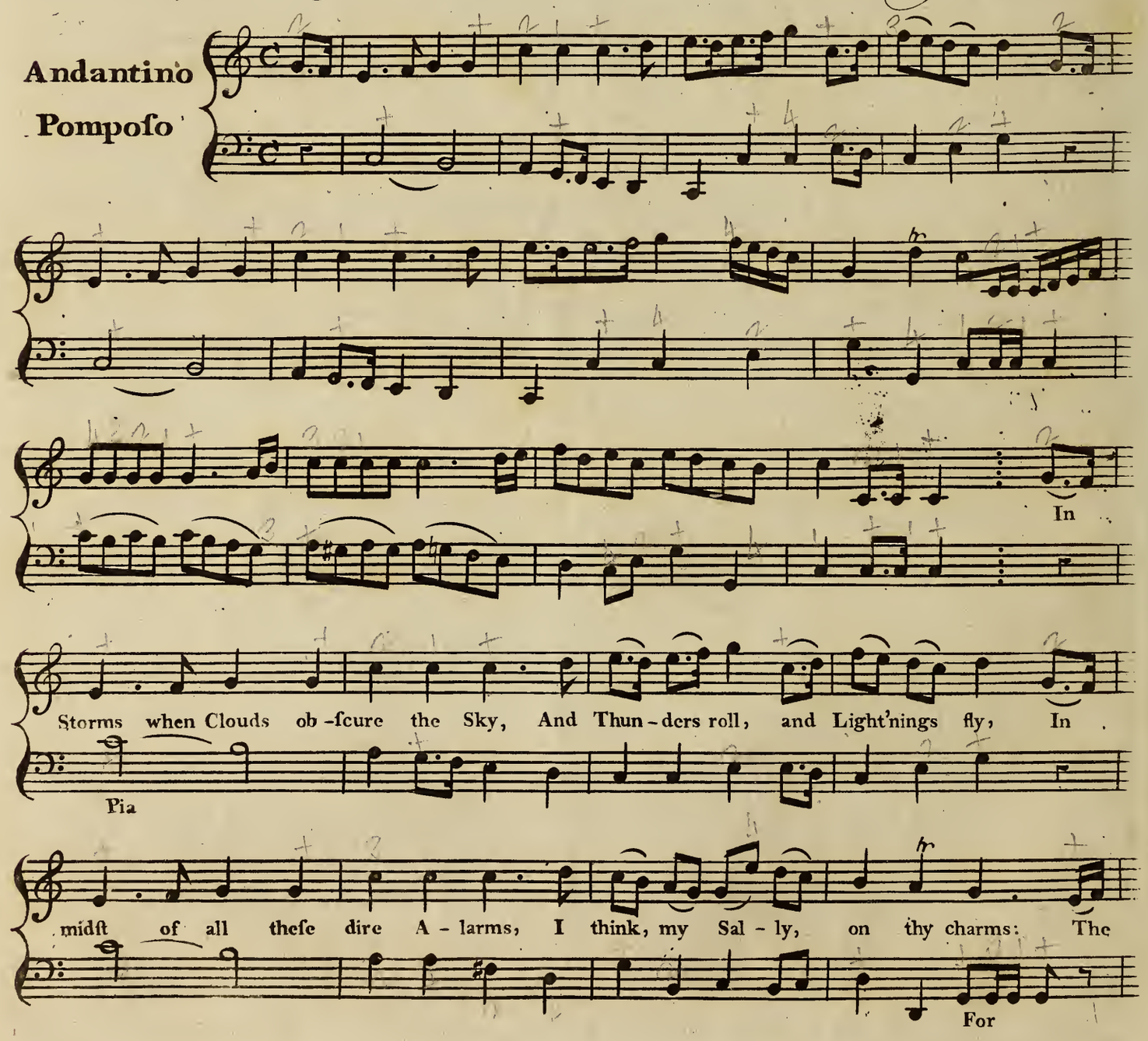
Mr. Incledon at Vauxhall Gardens,

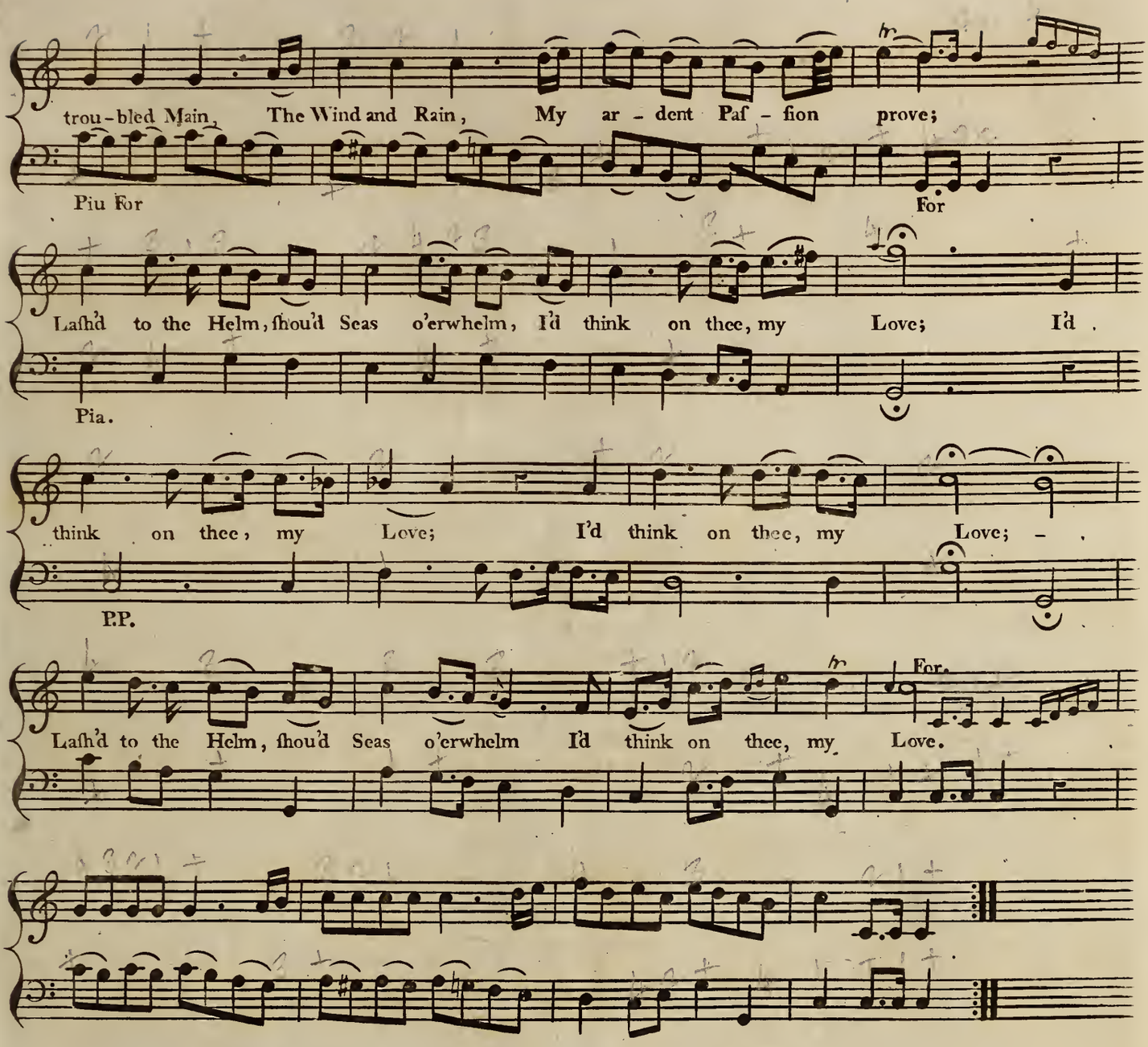
COMPOSED BY Mr. HOOK.

Price 6d.

LONDON:

Printed for S. A. & P. Thompson N.o 75 St. Paul's Church Yard.


Andantino
Pompoſo
In
Storms when Clouds ob-ſcure the Sky, And Thun-ders roll, and Light'nings fly, In
Pia
midſt of all theſe dire A-larms, I think, my Sal-ly, on thy charms: The
For


trou-bled Main, The Wind and Rain, My ar - dent Paſ - ſion prove;
Piu For
For
Laſh'd to the Helm, ſhou'd Seas o'erwhelm, I'd think on thee, my Love; I'd
Pia.
think on thee, my Love; I'd think on thee, my Love; -
P.P.
For.
Laſh'd to the Helm, ſhou'd Seas o'erwhelm I'd think on thee, my Love.

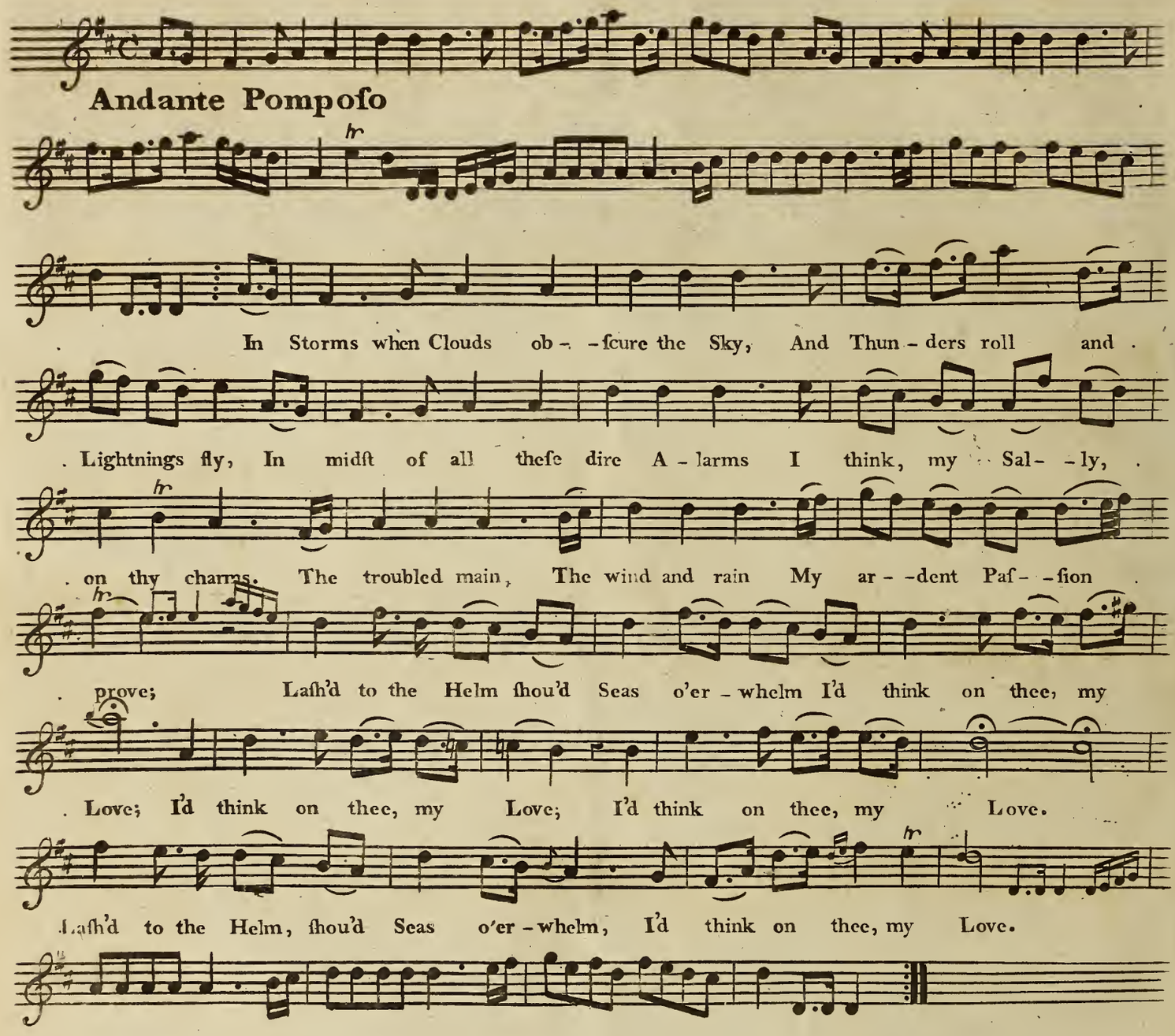
2

When Rocks appear on ev'ry Side,
And Art is vain the Ship to guide,
In varied ſhapes when Death appears,
The thoughts of thee my Boſom cheers:
The troubled Main,
The Wind and Rain,
My ardent Paſsion prove;
Laſh'd to the Helm,
Shou'd Seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my Love

3

But ſhou'd the gracious Pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the Gloom and ſtill the Wind,
And waft me to thy Arms once more,
Safe to my long-loſt native ſhore;
No more the Main
I'd tempt again,
But tender Joys improve;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but Love.

For the German Flute


Andante Pompoſo
In Storms when Clouds ob- -ſcure the Sky, And Thun - ders roll and
Lightnings fly, In midſt of all theſe dire A - larms I think, my Sal- -ly,
on thy charms. The troubled main, The wind and rain My ar- -dent Paſ- -ſion
prove; Laſh'd to the Helm ſhou'd Seas o'er - whelm I'd think on thee, my
Love; I'd think on thee, my Love; I'd think on thee, my Love.
Laſh'd to the Helm, ſhou'd Seas o'er - whelm, I'd think on thee, my Love.

2

When Rocks appear on ev'ry Side,
And Art is vain the Ship to guide,
In varied ſhapes when Death appears,
The thoughts of thee my Boſom chears:
The troubled Main,
The Wind and Rain,
My ardent Paſsion prove;
Laſh'd to the Helm,
Shou'd Seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my Love.

3

But ſhou'd the gracious Pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the Gloom and ſtill the Wind,
And waft me to thy Arms once more,
Safe to my long-loſt native Shore;
No more the Main
I'd tempt again,
But tender Joys improve;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but Love.

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A Favorite Air as

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN with the

greateſt applauſe

At the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

in the

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The Words by Richd. Cumberland Esqr.

The Muſic by

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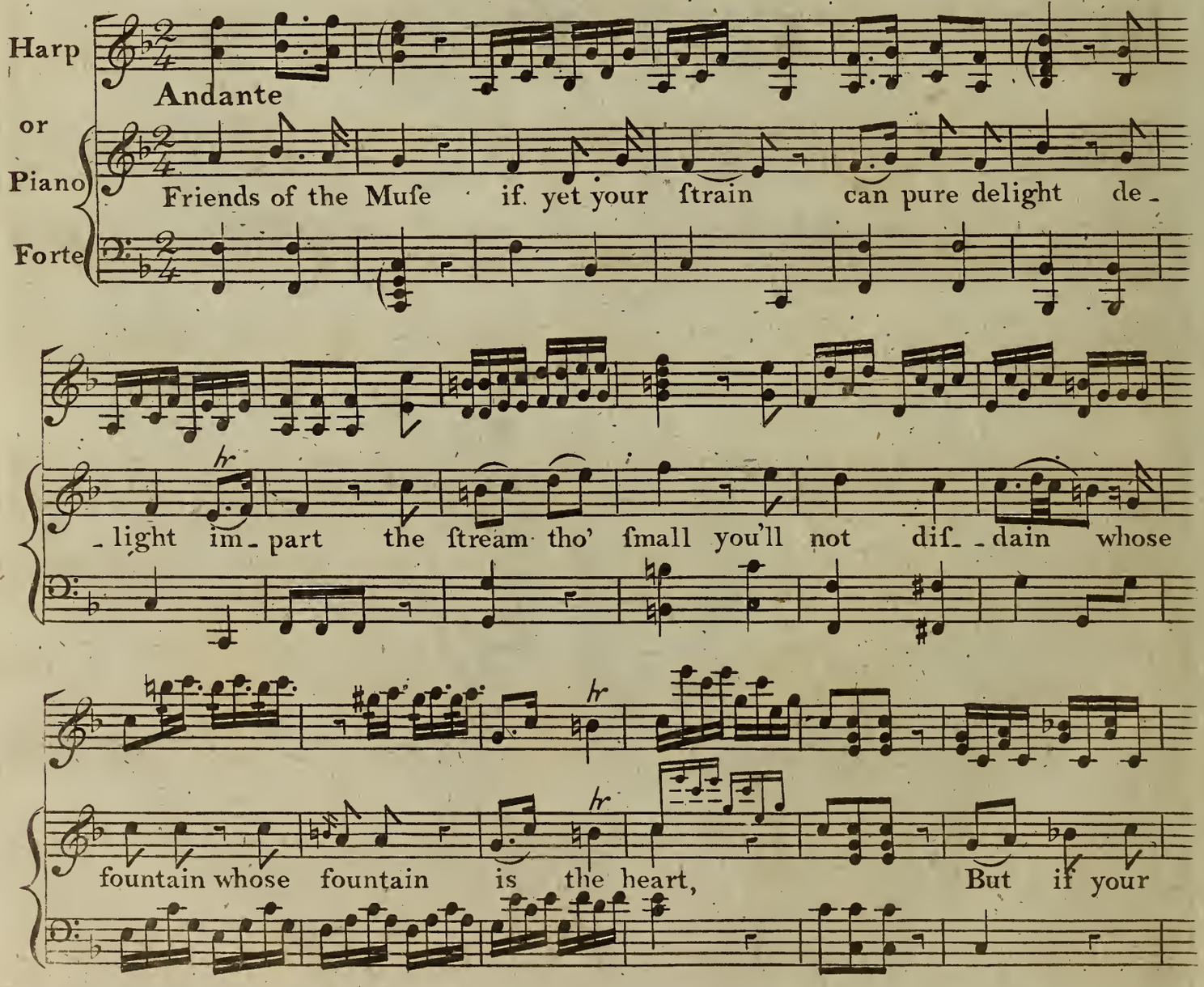
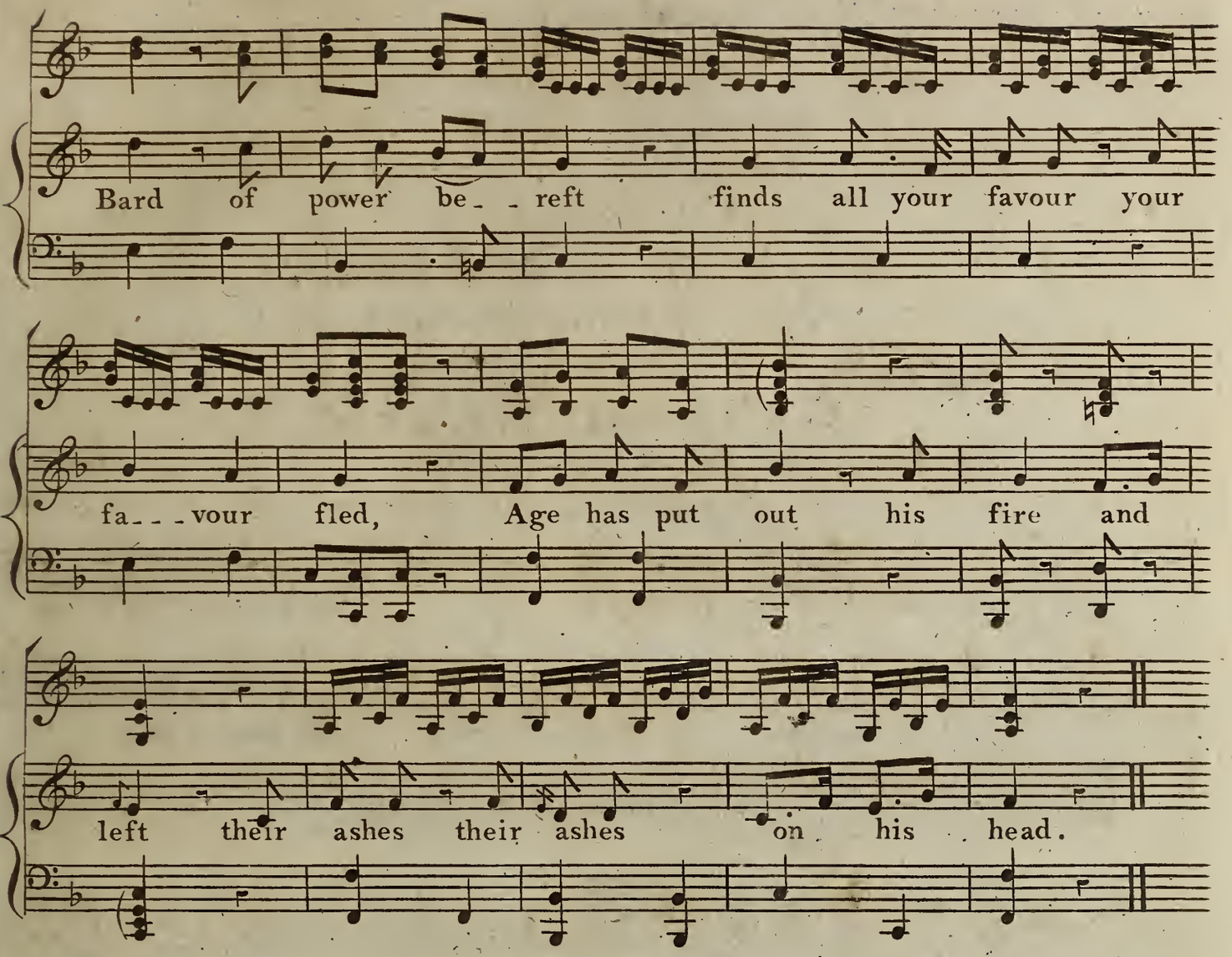
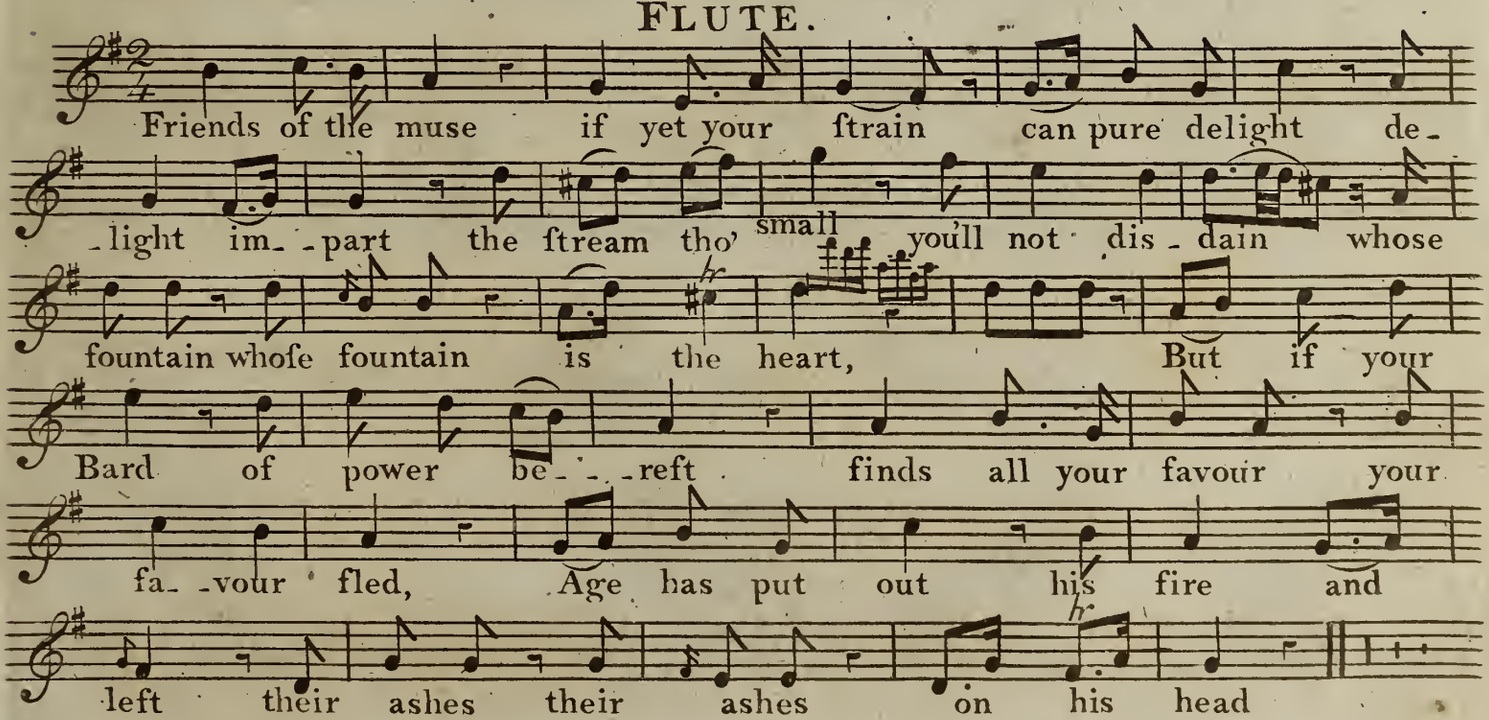
London Printed for & Sold by J. DALE No. 19 Cornhill, & the corner of Holles Street Oxford Str.


Harp
or
Piano
Forte
Andante
Friends of the Muſe if yet your ſtrain can pure delight de-
-light im-part the ſtream tho' ſmall you'll not diſ--dain whose
fountain whose fountain is the heart, But if your


Bard of power be_ _reft finds all your favour your
fa_ _ _vour fled, Age has put out his fire and
left their ashes their ashes on his head.

FLUTE.


Friends of the muse if yet your ſtrain can pure delight de_
light im _part the ſtream tho' ſmall you'll not dis_dain whose
fountain whoſe fountain is the heart, But if your
Bard of power be_ _reft finds all your favour your
fa_ _vour fled, Age has put out his fire and
left their ashes their ashes on his head

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A Favorite Song

Written by Mr. Castle,

COMPOSED by Mr. EBDON.

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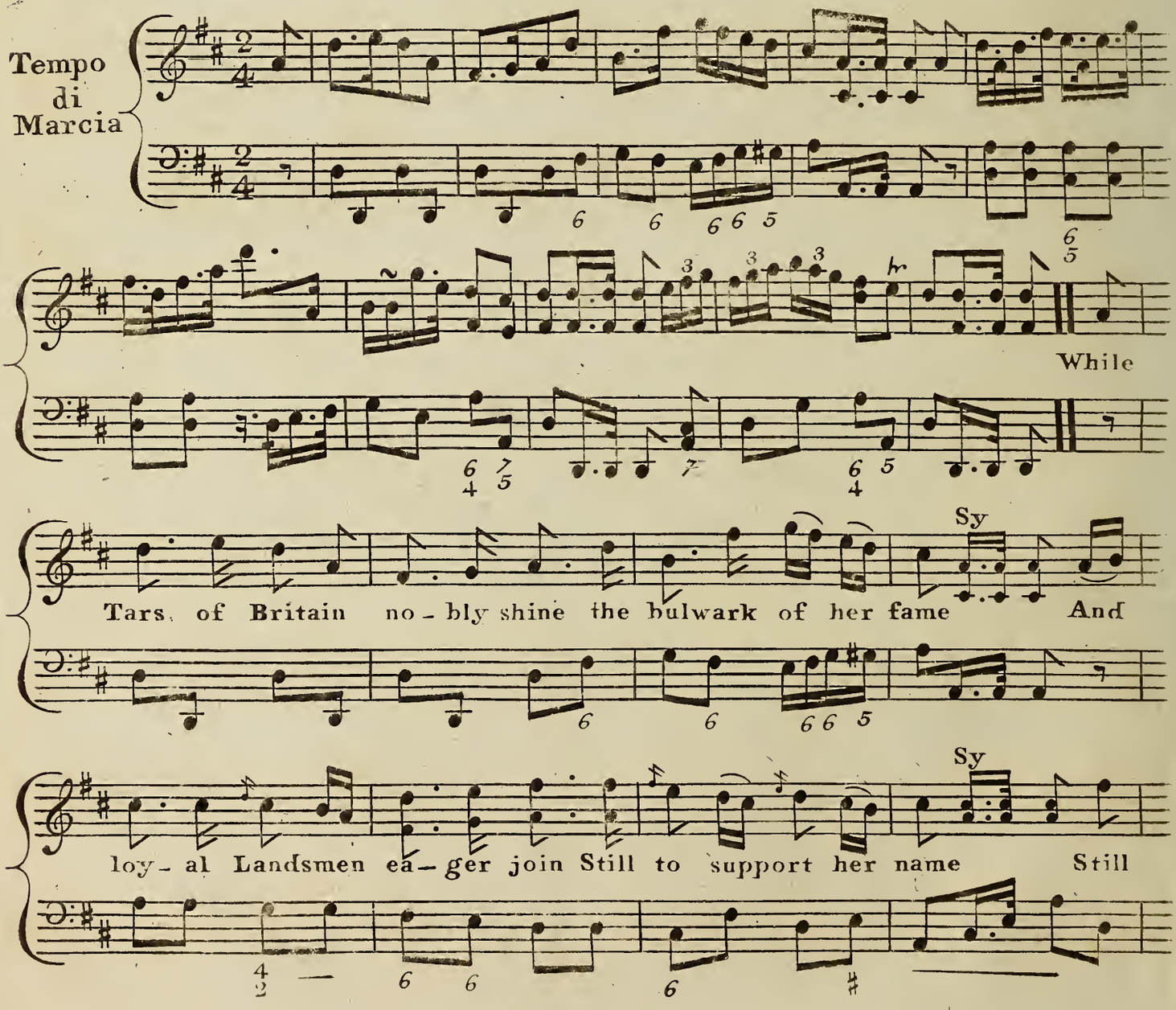

Tempo di Marcia
While
Sy
Tars of Britain no-bly shine the bulwark of her fame And
Sy
loy-al Landsmen ea-ger join Still to support her name Still

Repeat in Chorus
Sy
to support her name,
If Frenchmen ever dare at-
- - tack with fu- ry we will hurl them back and plunge them in the main and
f Sy
f
plunge them in the main. main.

2

Our happy Isle no more shall dread,
Rebellion's lawless band;
Nor of invaders be afraid,
'S. Whilst GEORGE doth rule our land. 'S.
No French, seditious, sneaking tricks,
Shall from the King our hearts unfix,
'S. We love his just command. 'S.

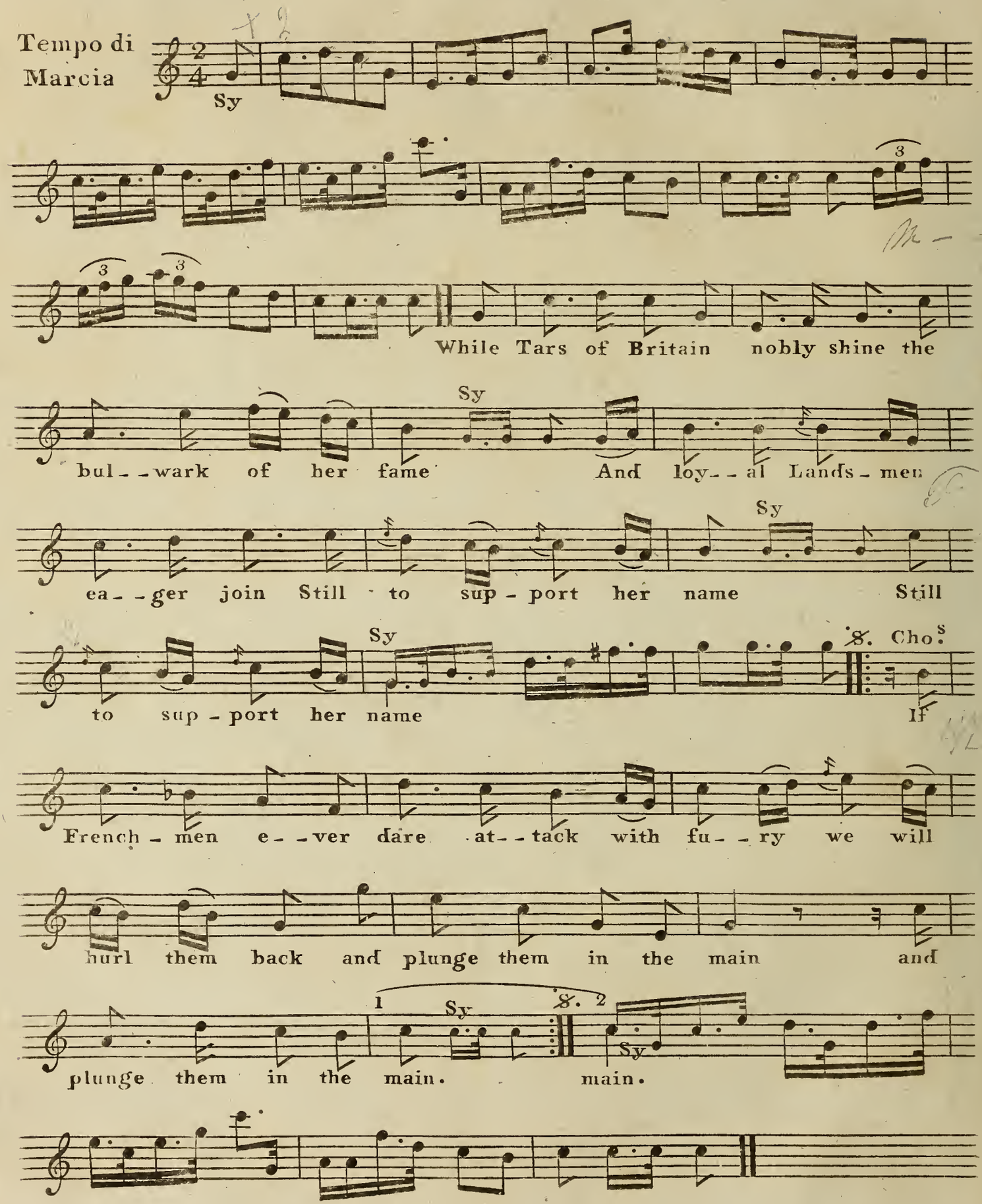
3

In laws, religion, property,
With his paternal care
He only rules to keep us free,
'S. And guard the poor man's share: 'S.
Shall then the haughty Sons of Gaul,
Presume bold Britons to inthrall,
'S. Insult us if they dare. 'S.

4

We'll not by low French arts be led,
And in an idle dream,
Cause Brothers, Fathers, blood be shed,
'S. To our eternal shame: 'S.
But as 'tis meet to take up arms,
We'll clear the land from French alarms,
'S. Then blow the Trump of fame. 'S.

For the GUITAR



Three
SONATAS,

for the

Piano-Forte

with Accompaniments for a

FLUTE & VIOLONCELLO

ad Libitum

Composed & Dedicated

to

Miss Newbery,

by

MUZIO CLEMENTI.

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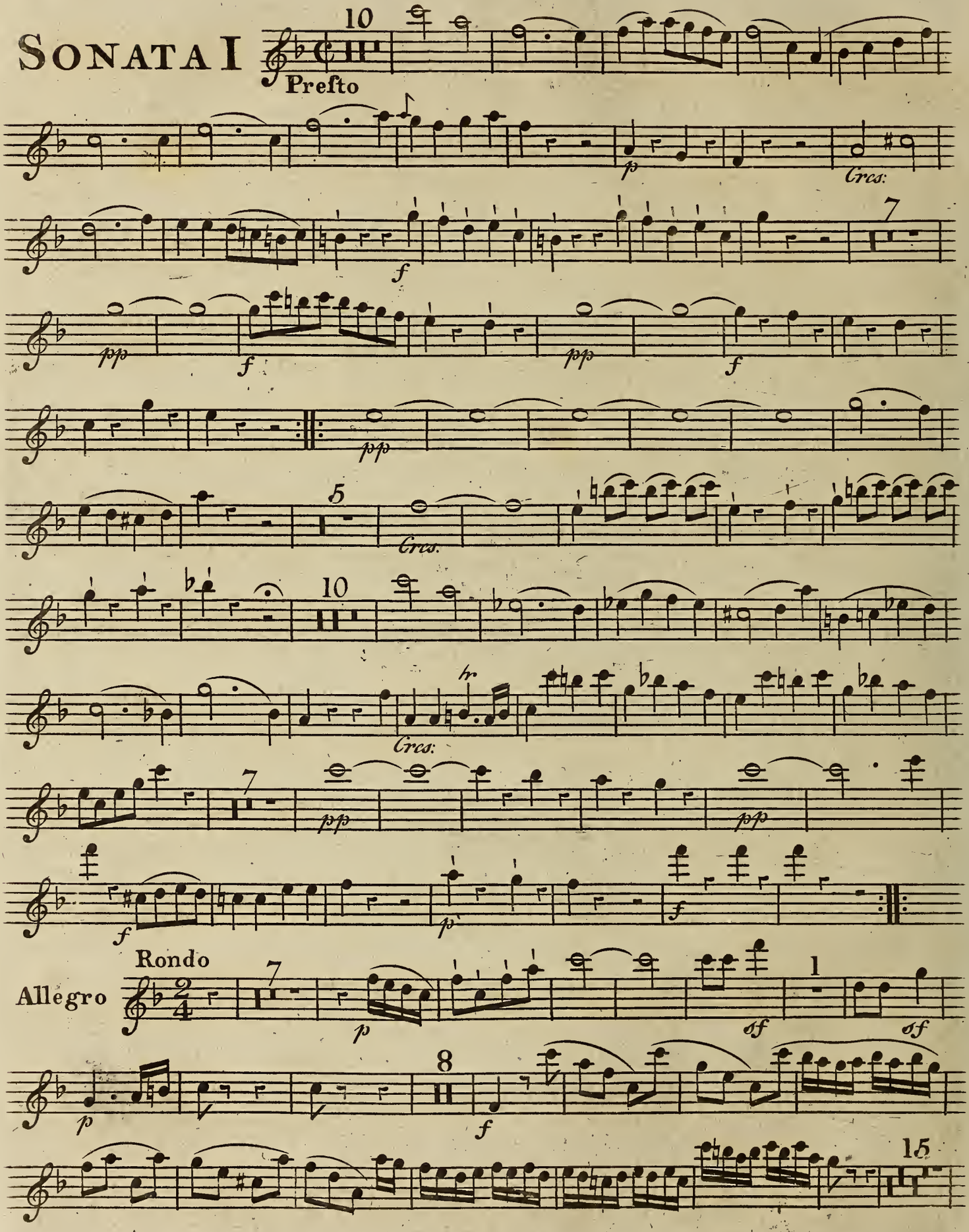
FLAUTO

SONATA I



f
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Con Expreſſione
Cres:
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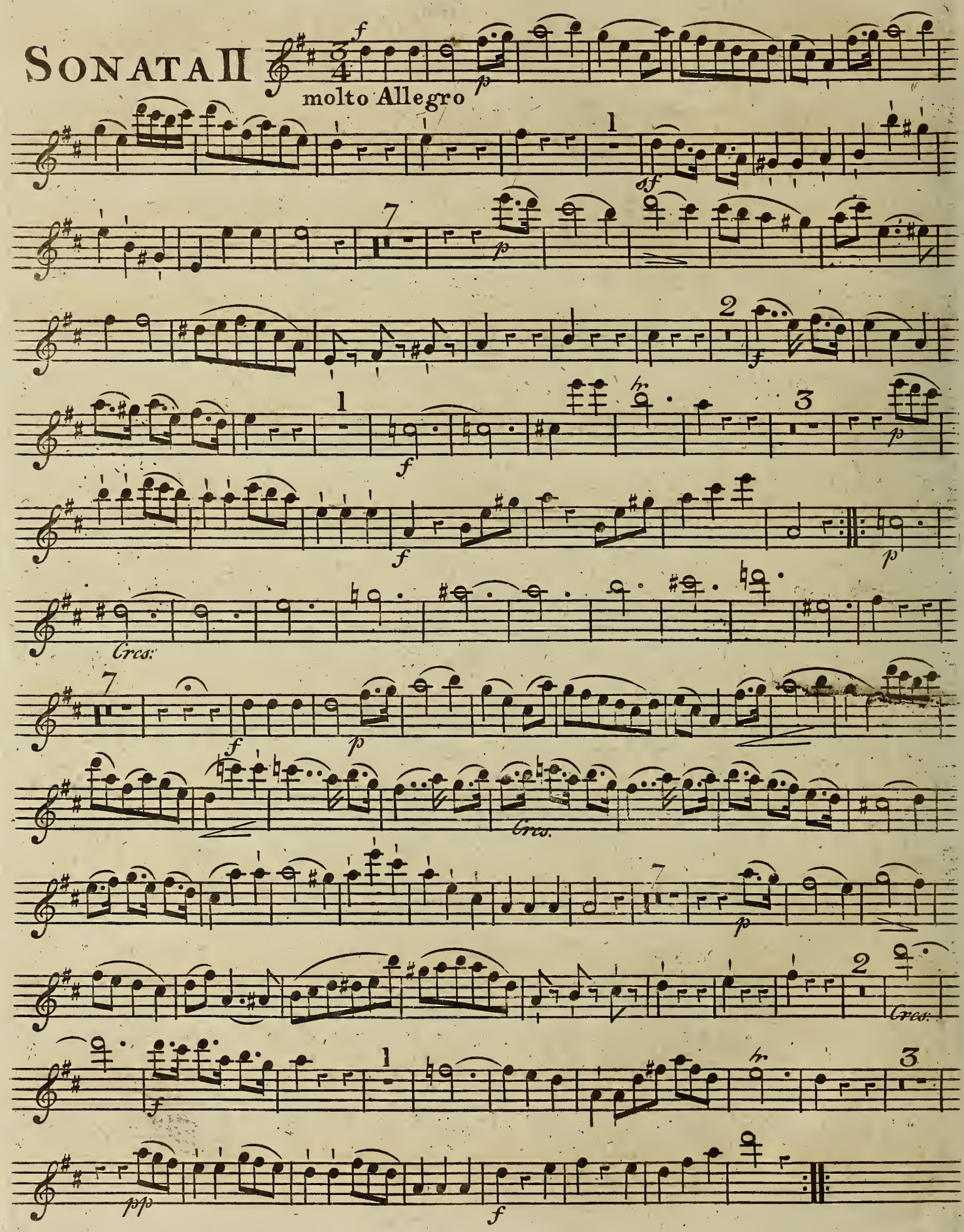
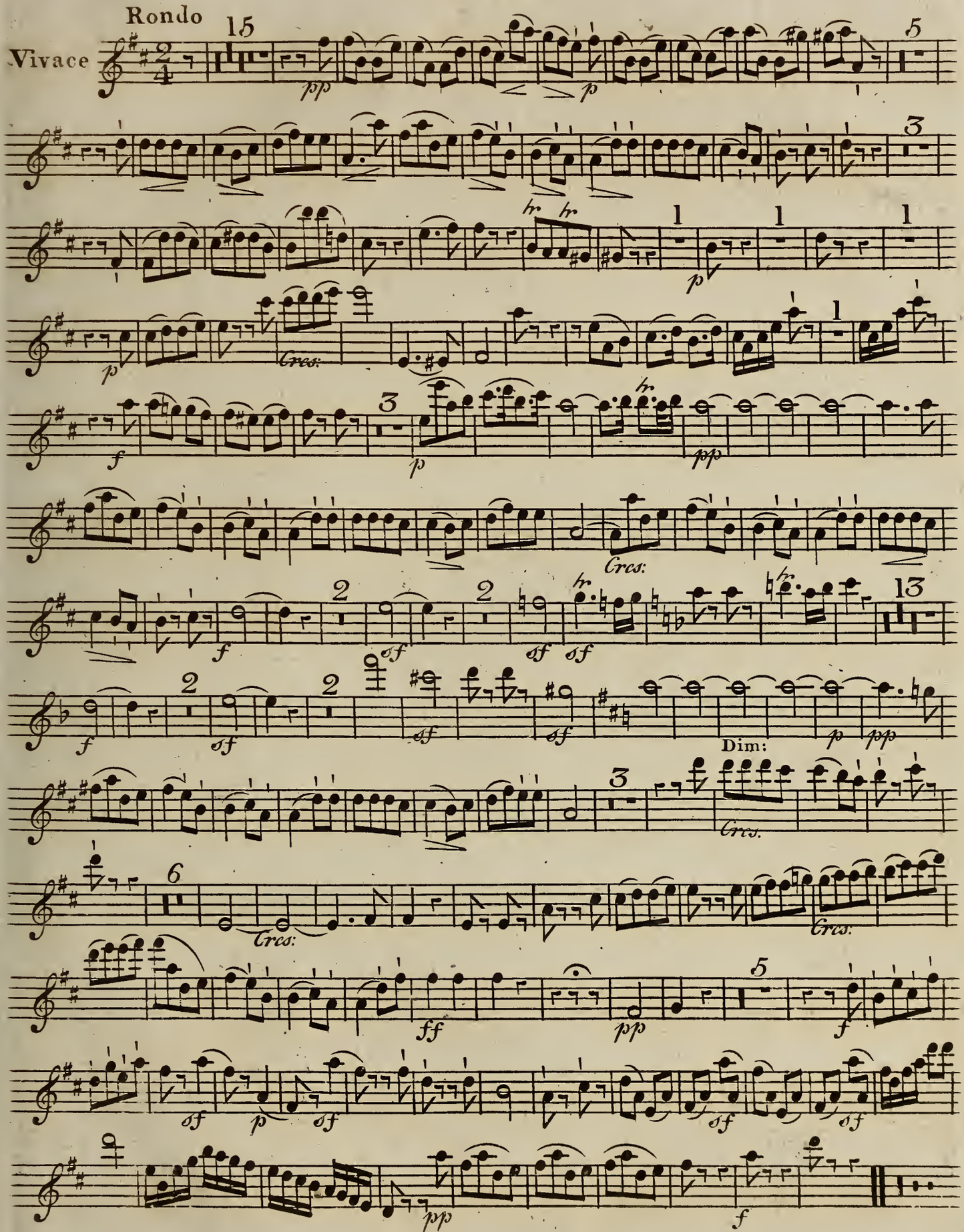
pp

SONATA II

molto Allegro




Rondo
Vivace
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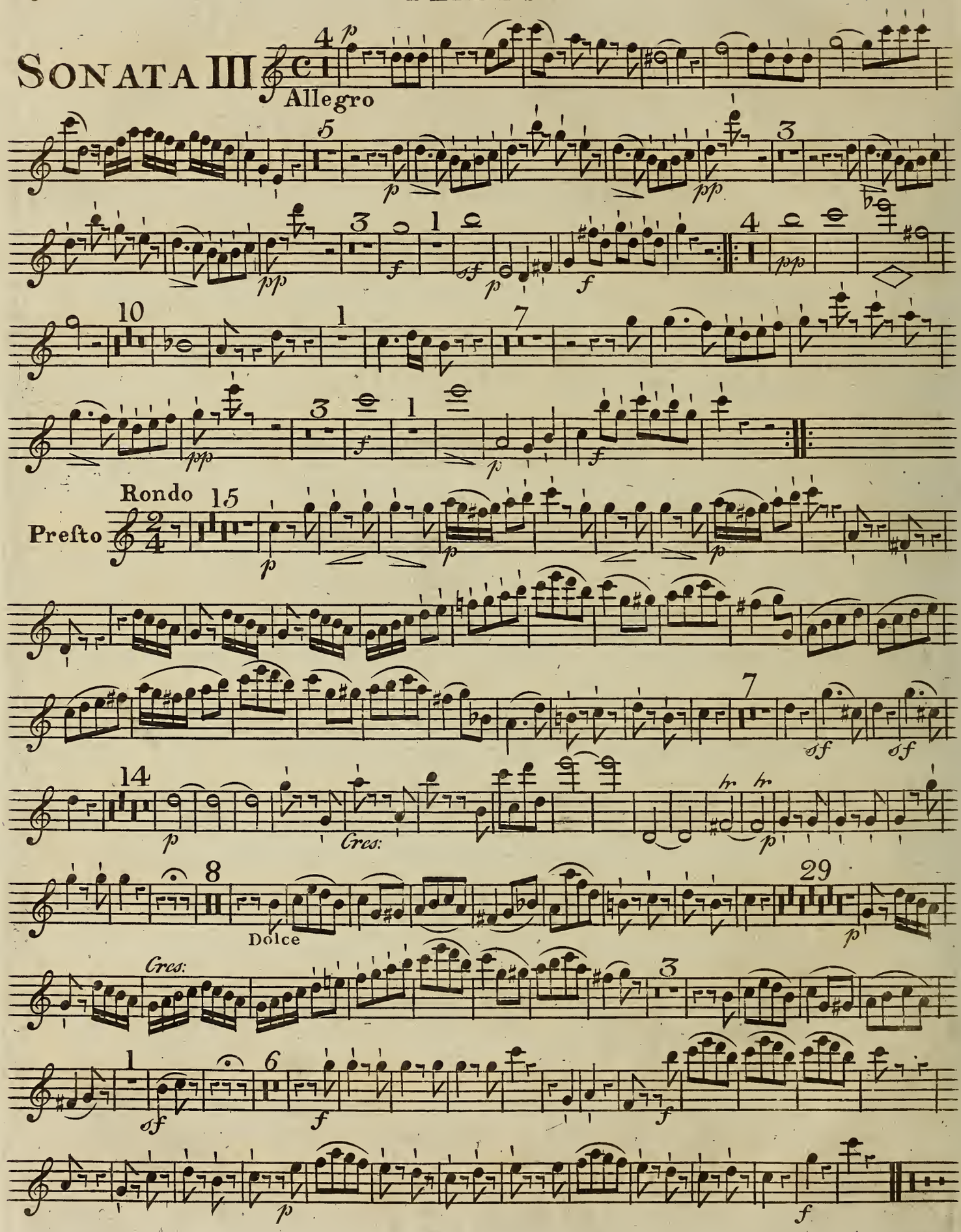
13
Dim:
6
ff
pp


SONATA III
Allegro
Rondo
Presto
Cres:
Dolce
Cres:

Three
SONATAS,

for the

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with Accompaniments for a

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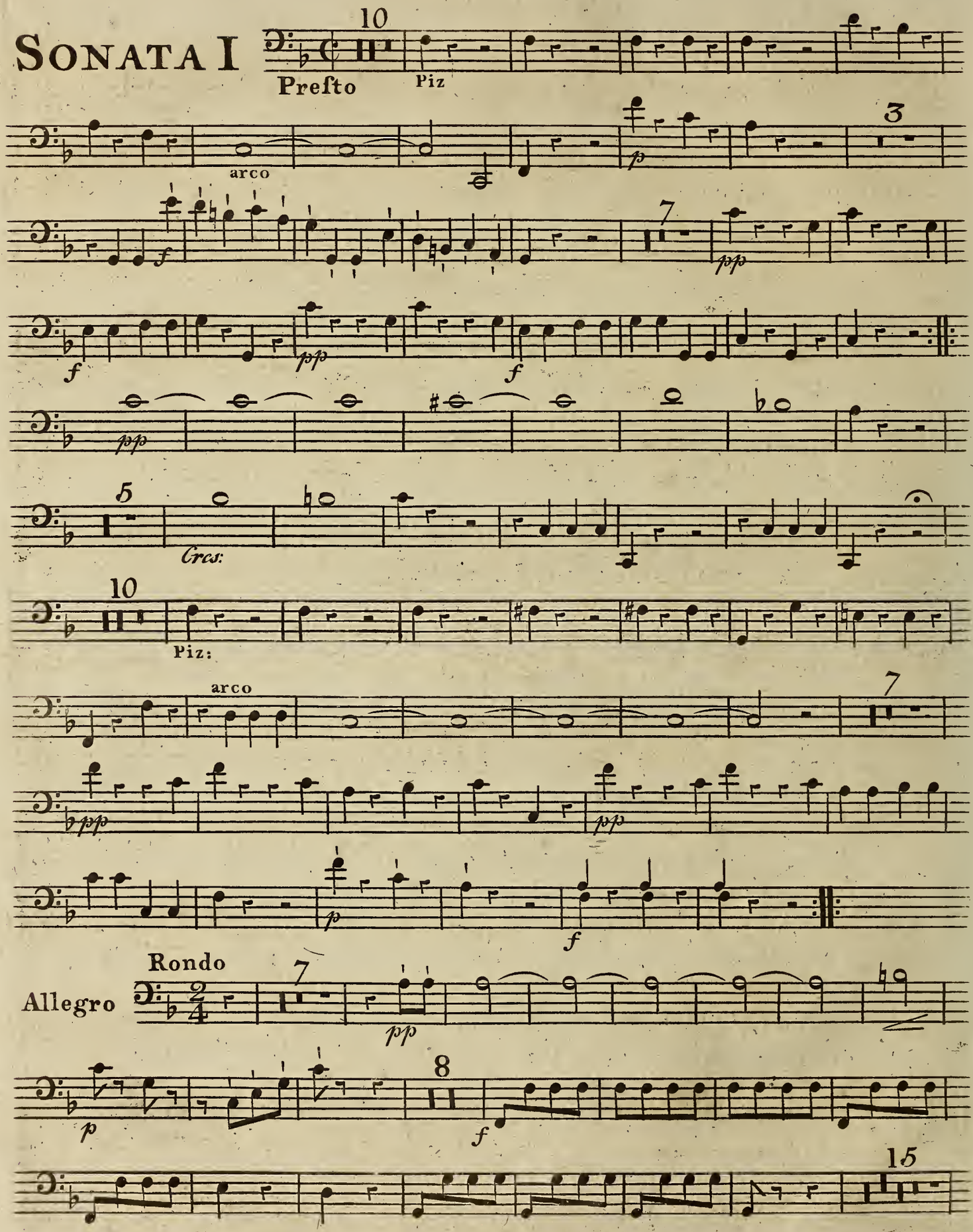
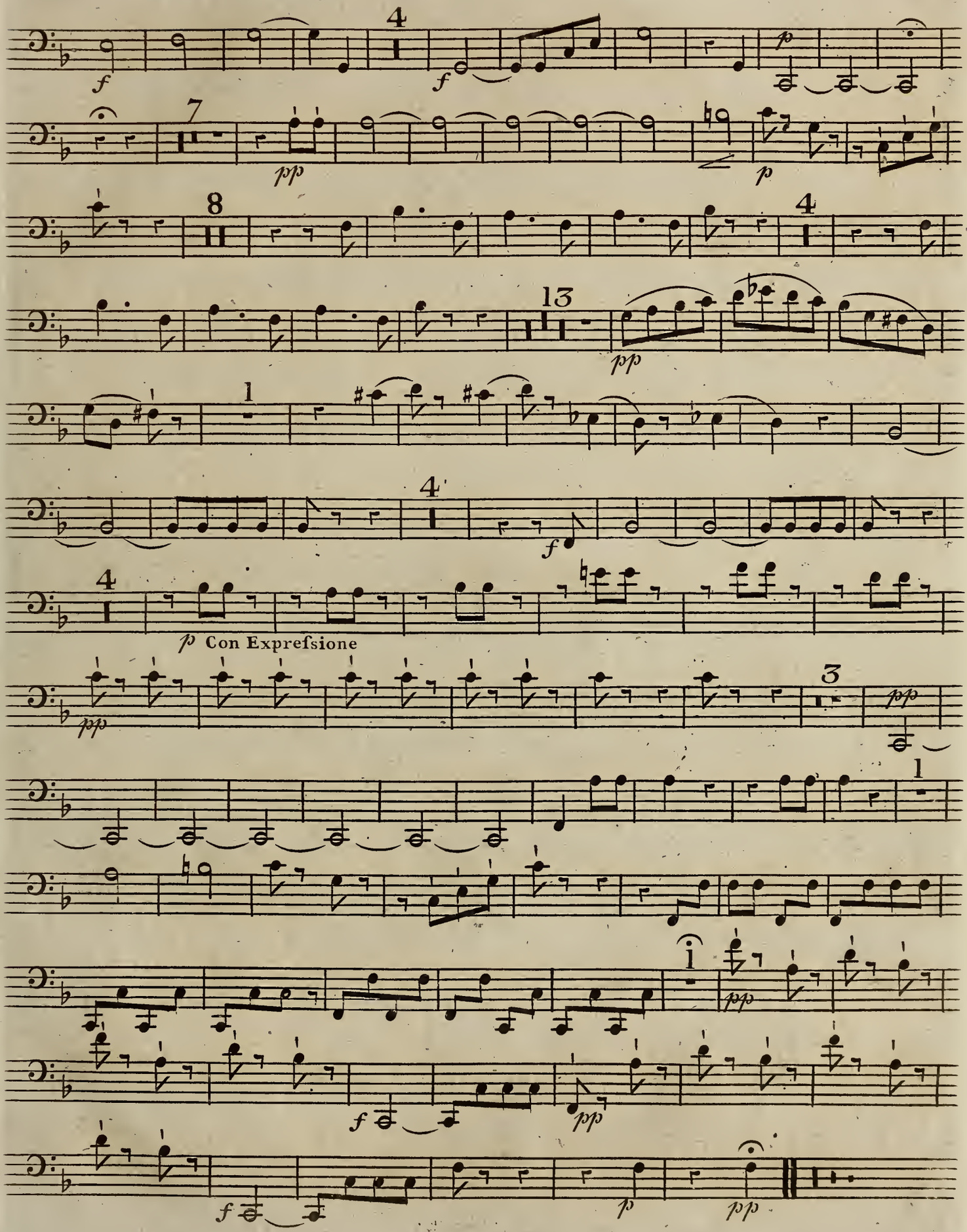
SONATA I




4
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7
pp
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8
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13
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p Con Expreſsione
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1
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pp
f
pp
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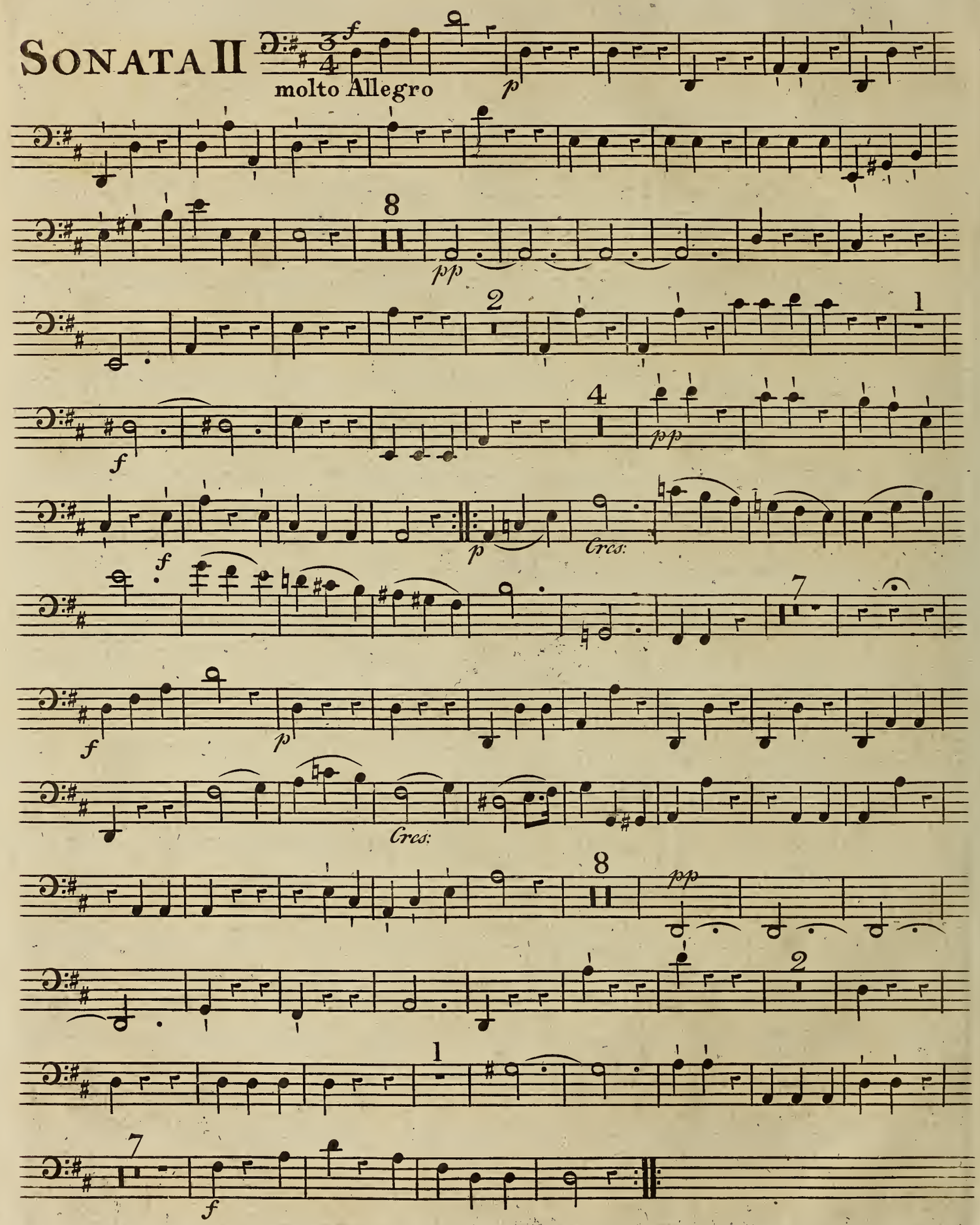
p
pp


SONATA II
molto Allegro
f
p
8
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f
f
p
Cres:
7
f
p
Cres:
8
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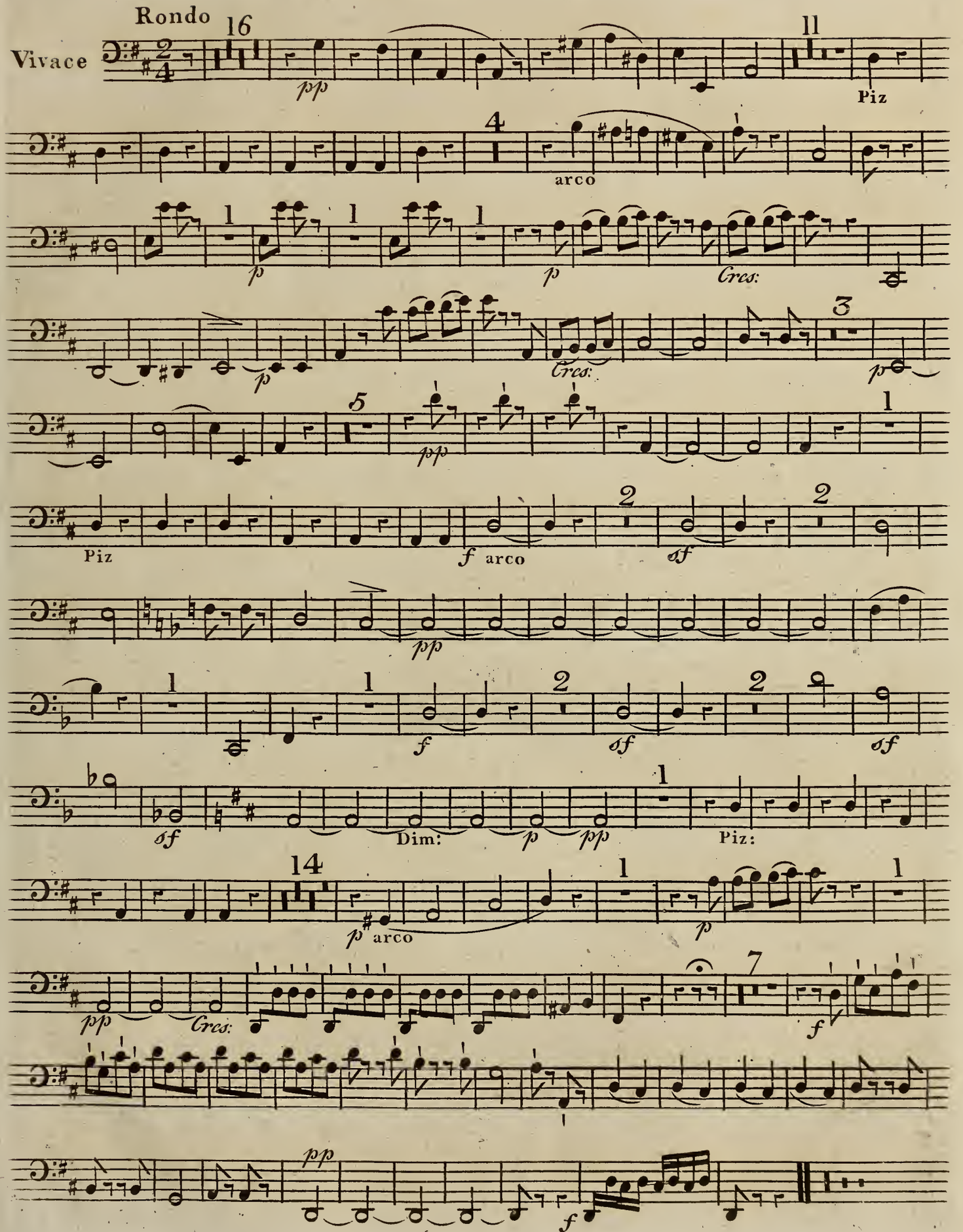
1
7
f


Rondo
Vivace
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11
Piz
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arco
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Cres:
3
5
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Piz
f arco
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p arco
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Cres:
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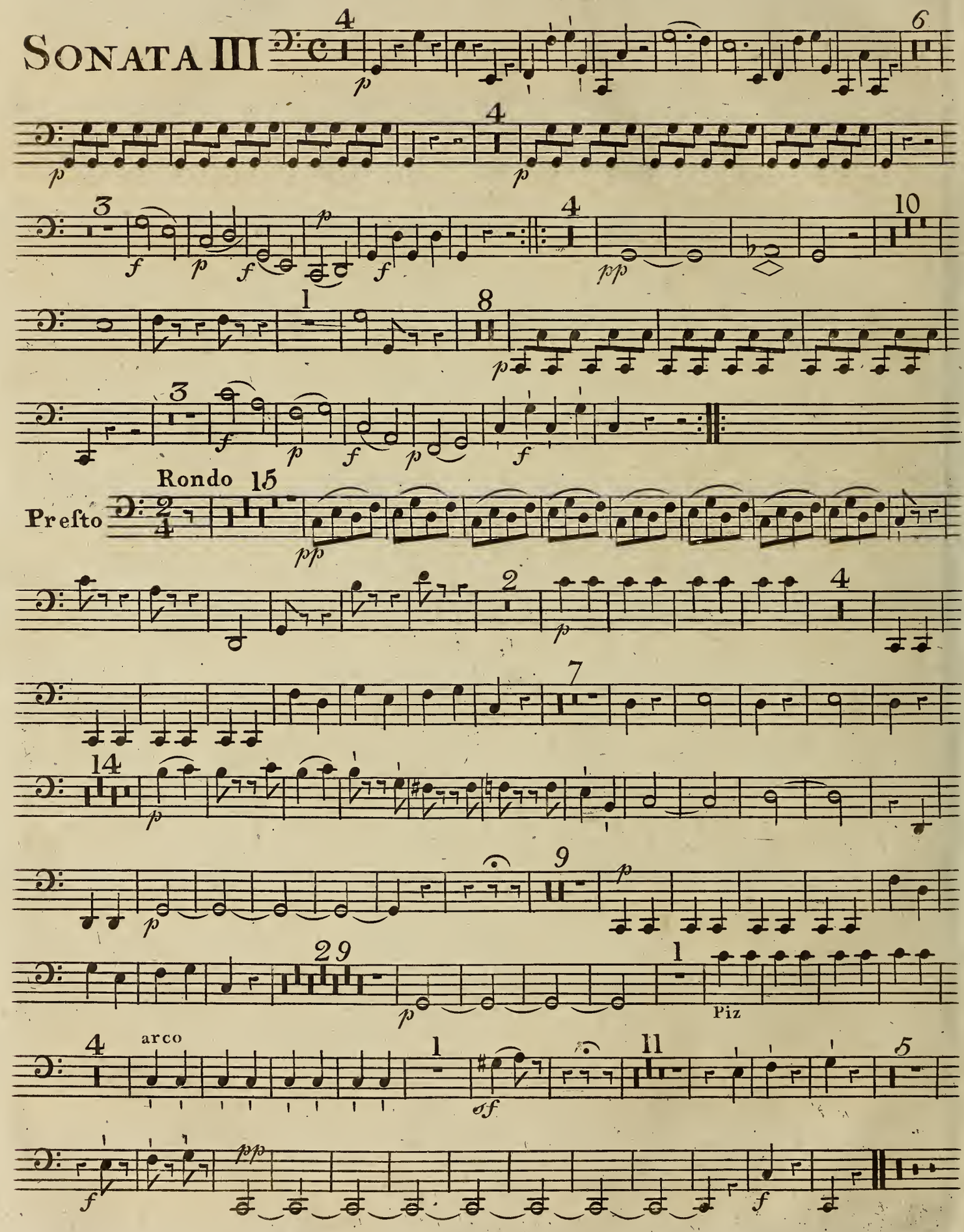
pp
f

SONATA III



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to which is prefixed

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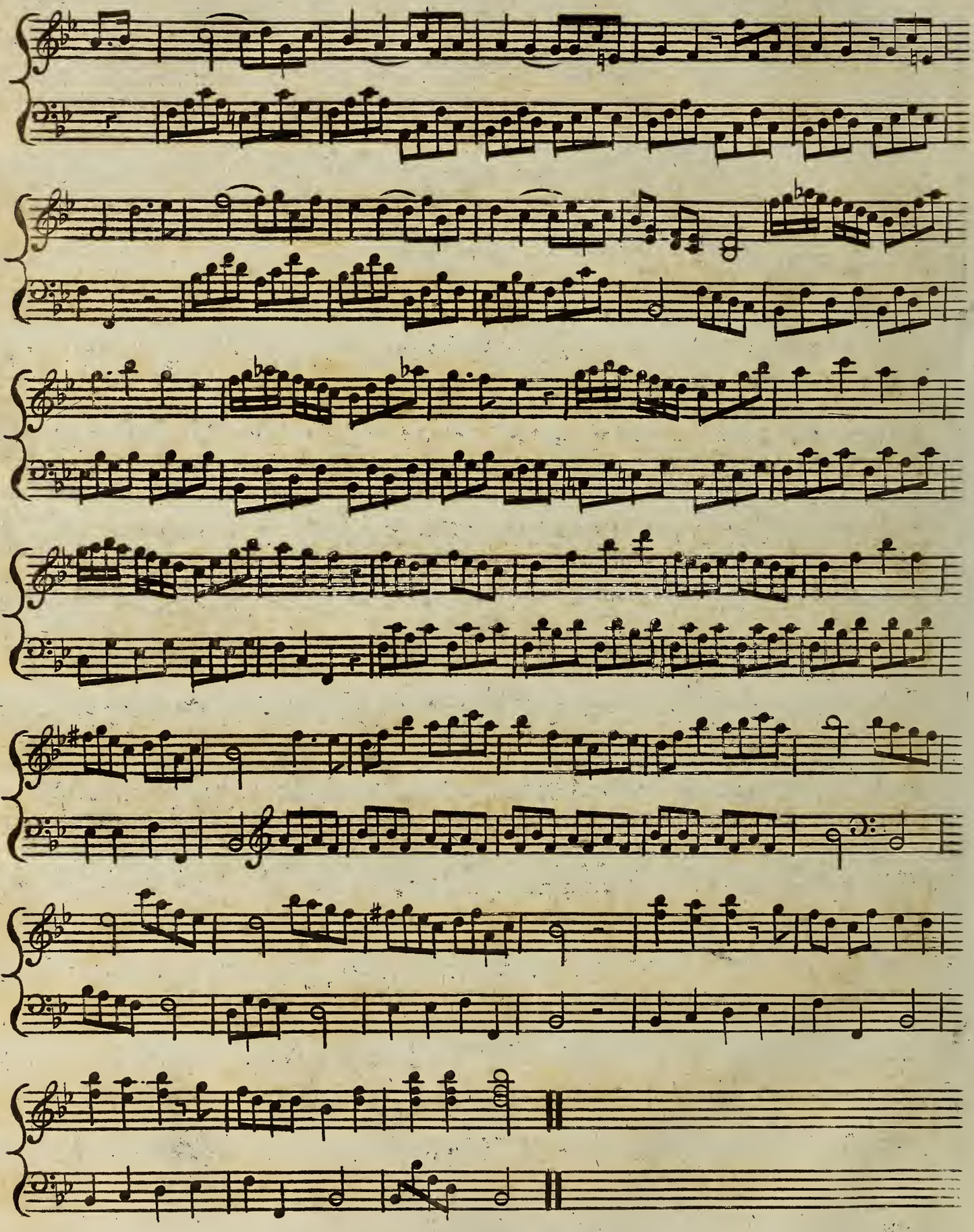

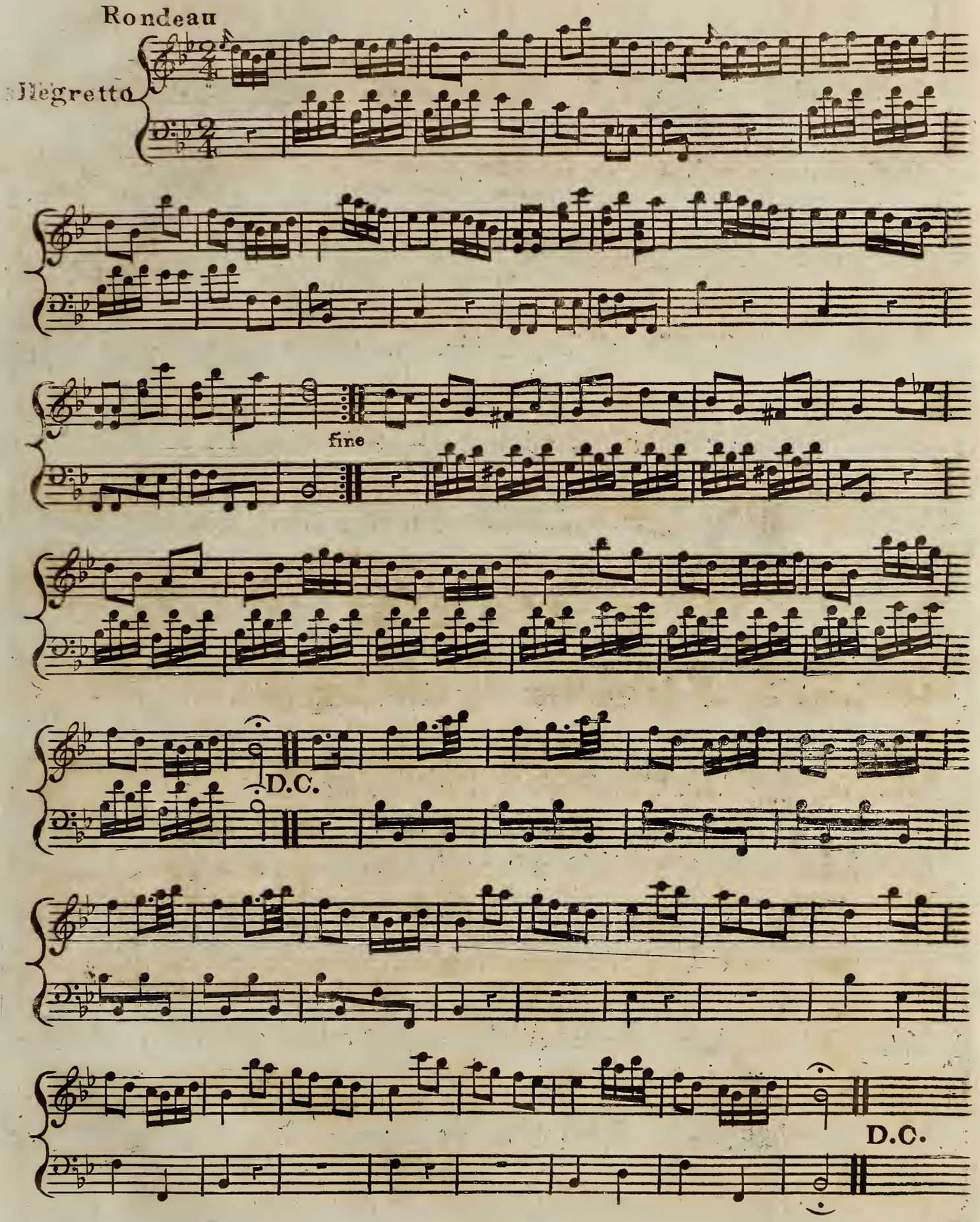
Rondeau
Allegretto
fine
D.C.
D.C.

THE COMPLAINT OF ALADINE,

a favorite Song

The Words by Geo. Saville Carey,

Composed by

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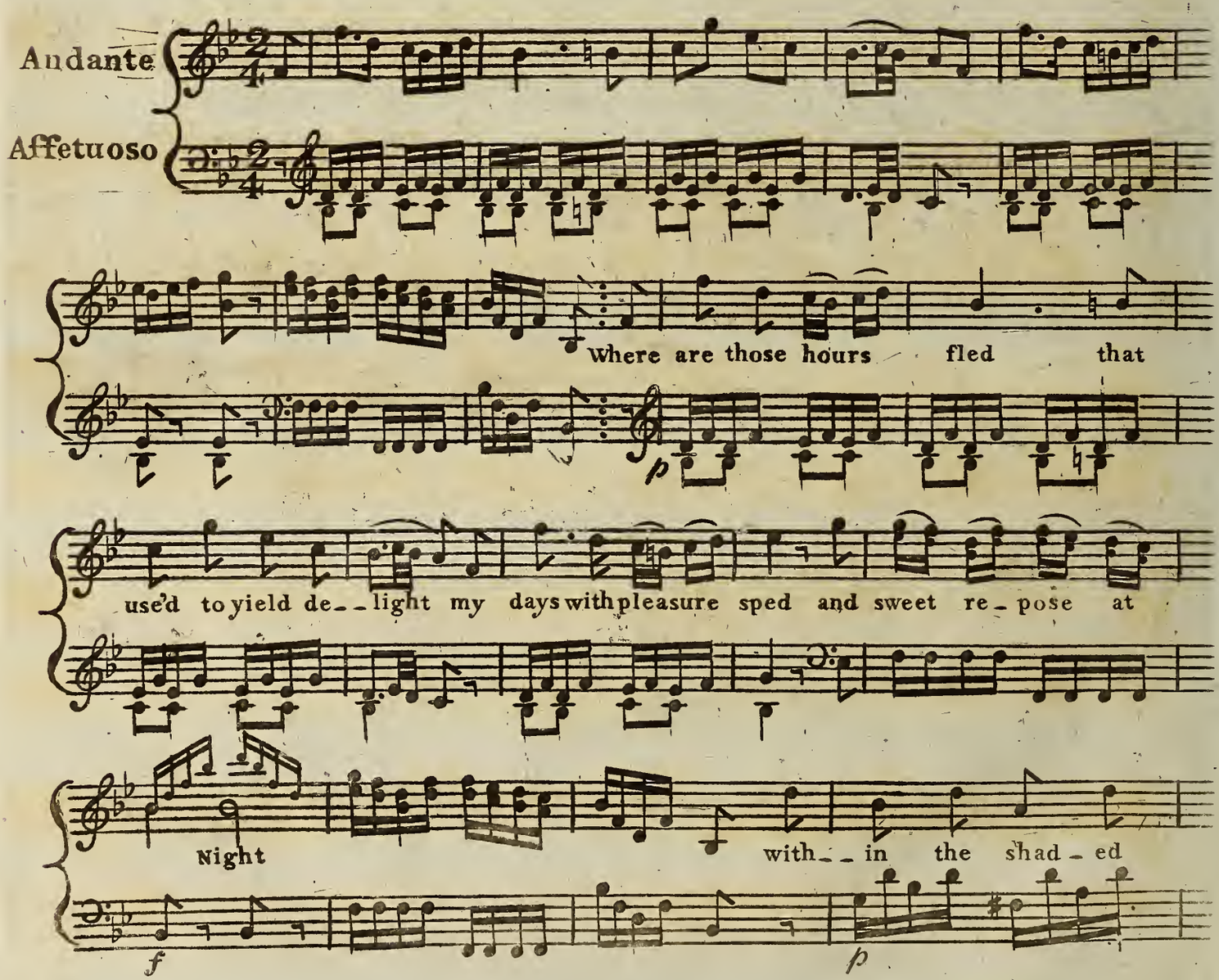

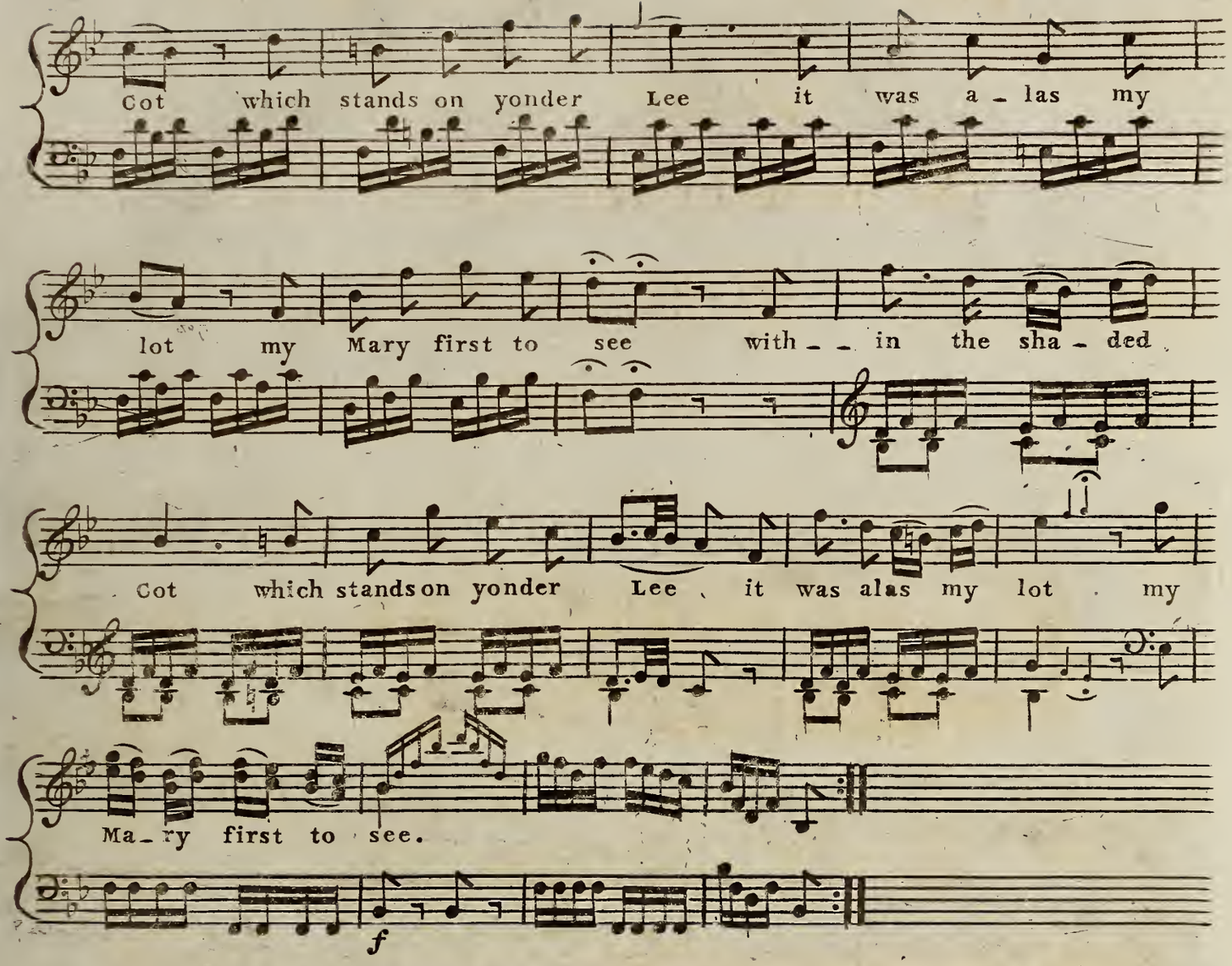
Cot which stands on yonder Lee it was a - las my
lot my Mary first to see with - - in the sha - ded
Cot which stands on yonder Lee it was alas my lot my
Ma - ry first to see.
f

2

O were her love like mine,
How happy had I been;
Crown'd with such bliss divine,
While Mary reign'd my Queen.
But she increas'd my woe,
While at her feet I sigh'd;
Disdain sat on her brow,
Which all my love defy'd.

3

If beauty makes her vain,
My Mary sure is wrong;
For ah who can retain,
Or boast of beauty long.
My Love is so sincere,
Should time her charms disguise,
I'd love my Mary dear;
Till Death had clos'd my eyes.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID,

a favorite Ballad

The Words by The Rev.d Wm. Cole,

Composed by

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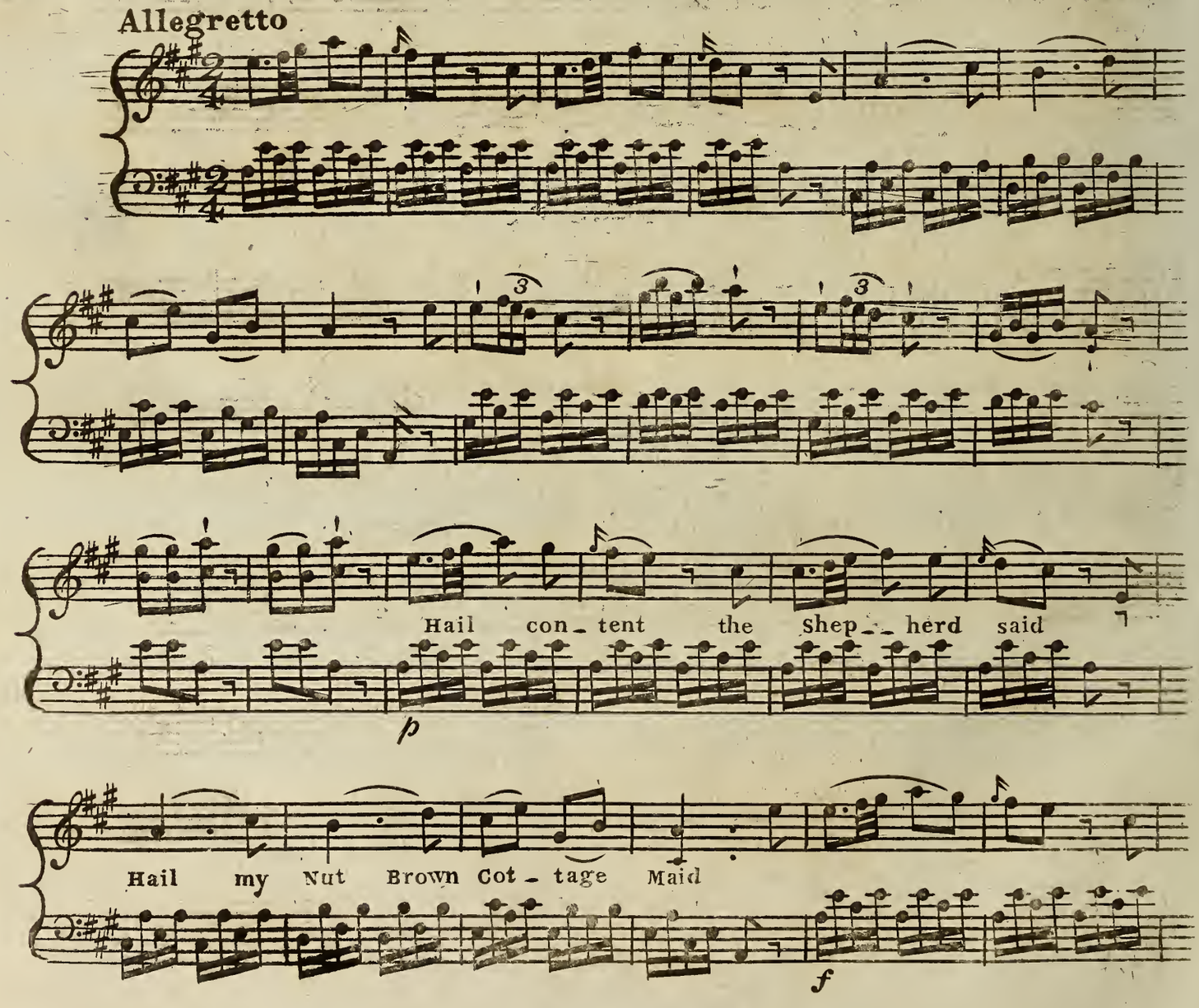

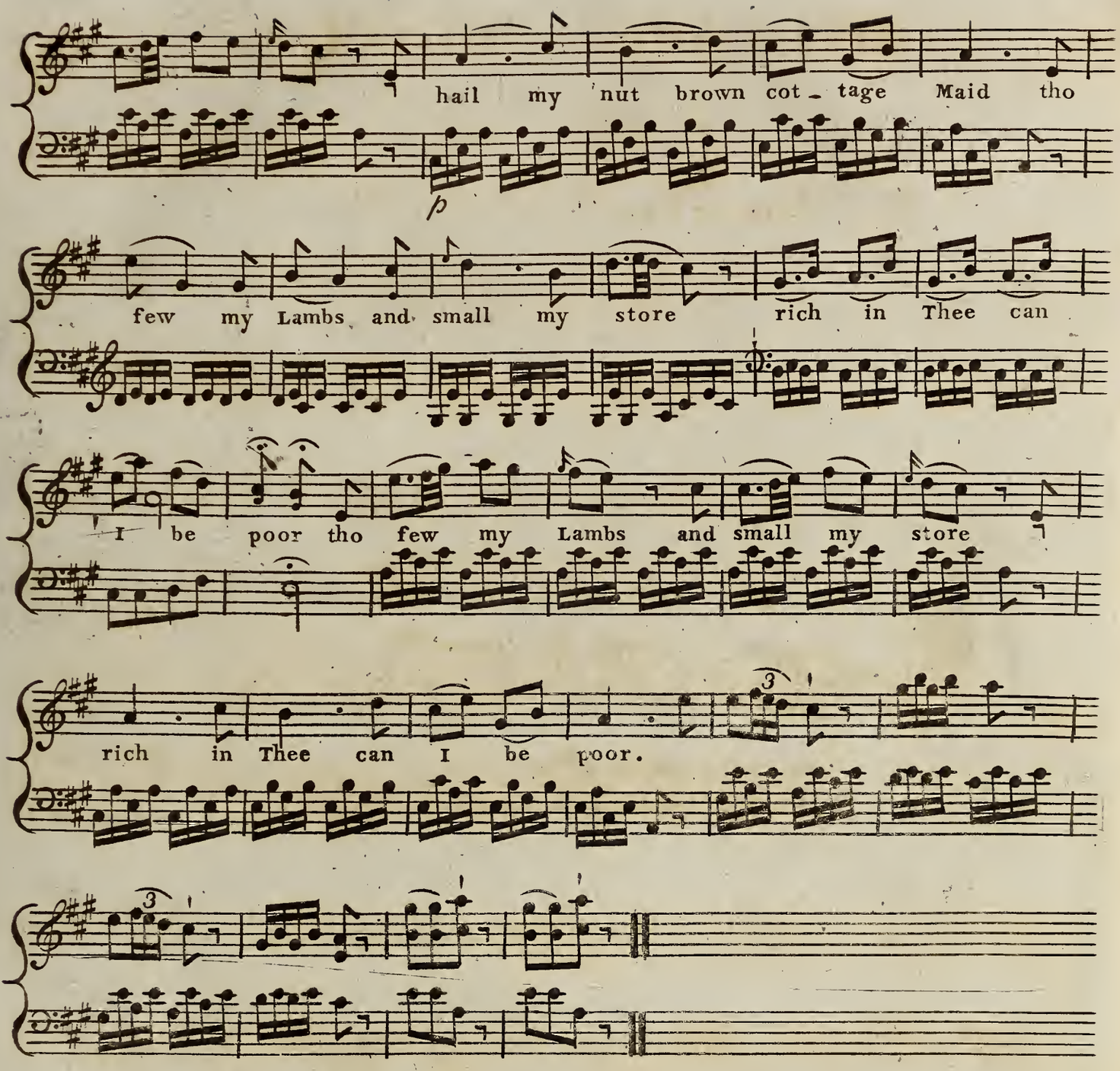
hail my nut brown cot - tage Maid tho
p
few my Lambs and small my store rich in Thee can
I be poor tho few my Lambs and small my store
rich in Thee can I be poor.
3
3

2

Fled from Courts and formal state,
Peace sits smiling at my Gate;
Cheering oft the lazy Day,
With her Highland roundelay.

3

Glaring Pomp and giddy noise,
Promise unsubstantial Joys;
Love (nor let MARIA frown,)
Solid bliss ensures alone.

AH! WHY SUSPECT,

a favorite Ballad

The Words by The Rev.d Wm. Cole,

Composed by

GRETRY.

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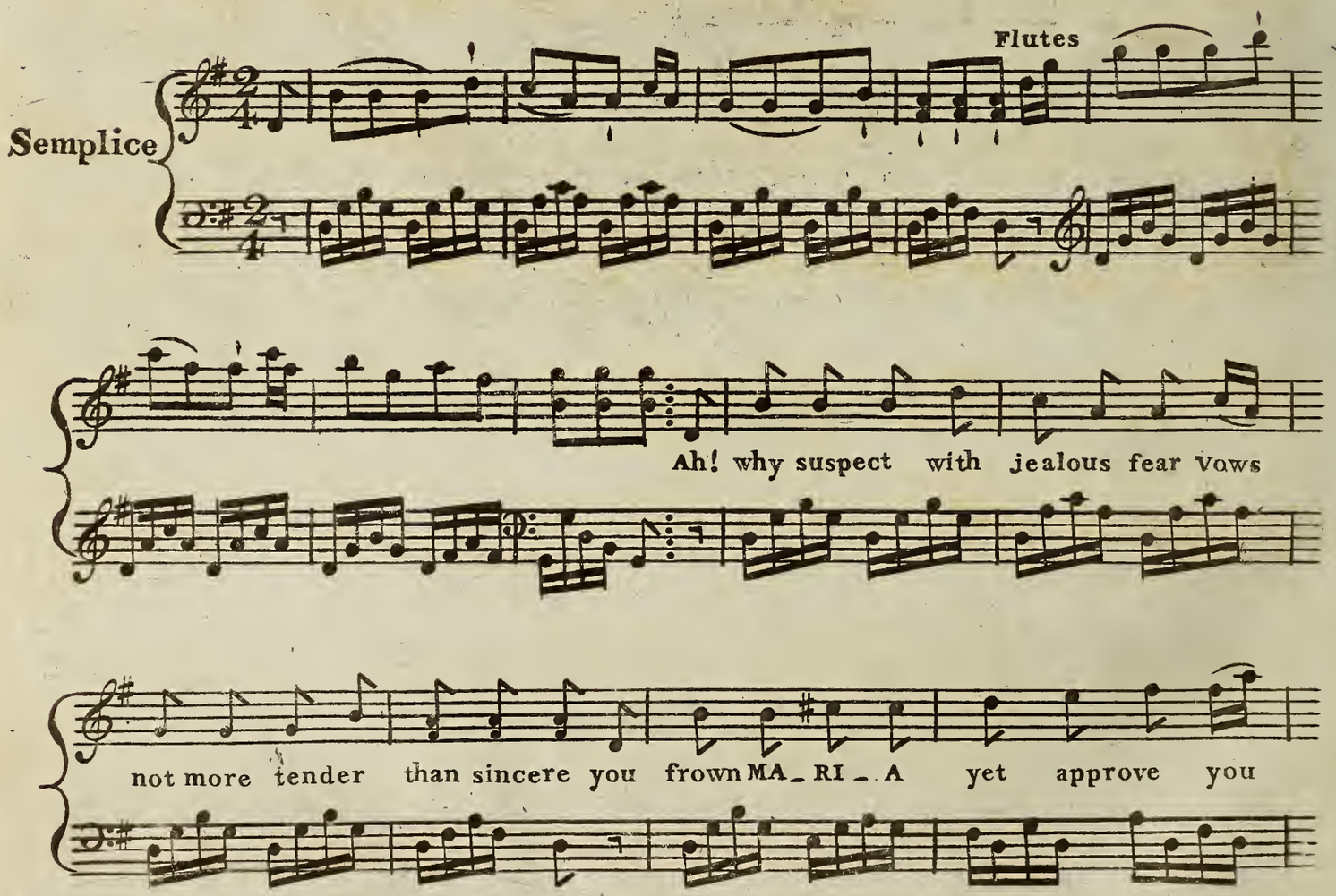

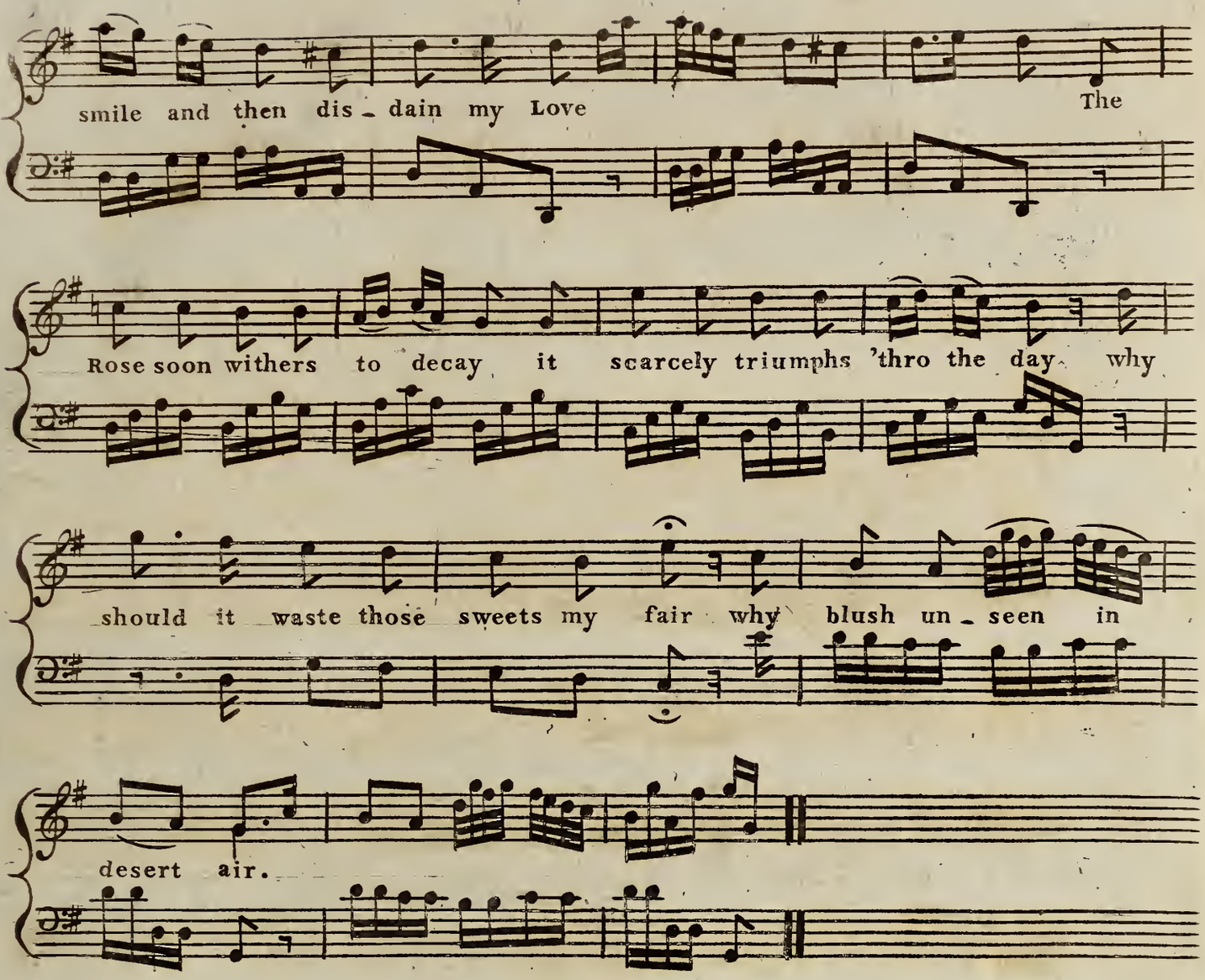
smile and then dis - dain my Love
The
Rose soon withers to decay it scarcely triumphs 'thro the day why
should it waste those sweets my fair why blush un - seen in
desert air.

2

Ah think gay youth e'en like that flow'r,
Sports but a transient summer Hour;
Let that short Hour be happy then,
Ah think it ne'er returns again.
Come come arrest the winged Day,
Nor mock my fondness with delay;
An Infidel no longer prove,
But blush conversion to my Love.

THE VILLAGE SPIRE,

a favorite Ballad

The Words by Tho.s Vaughan Esq.r

Composed by

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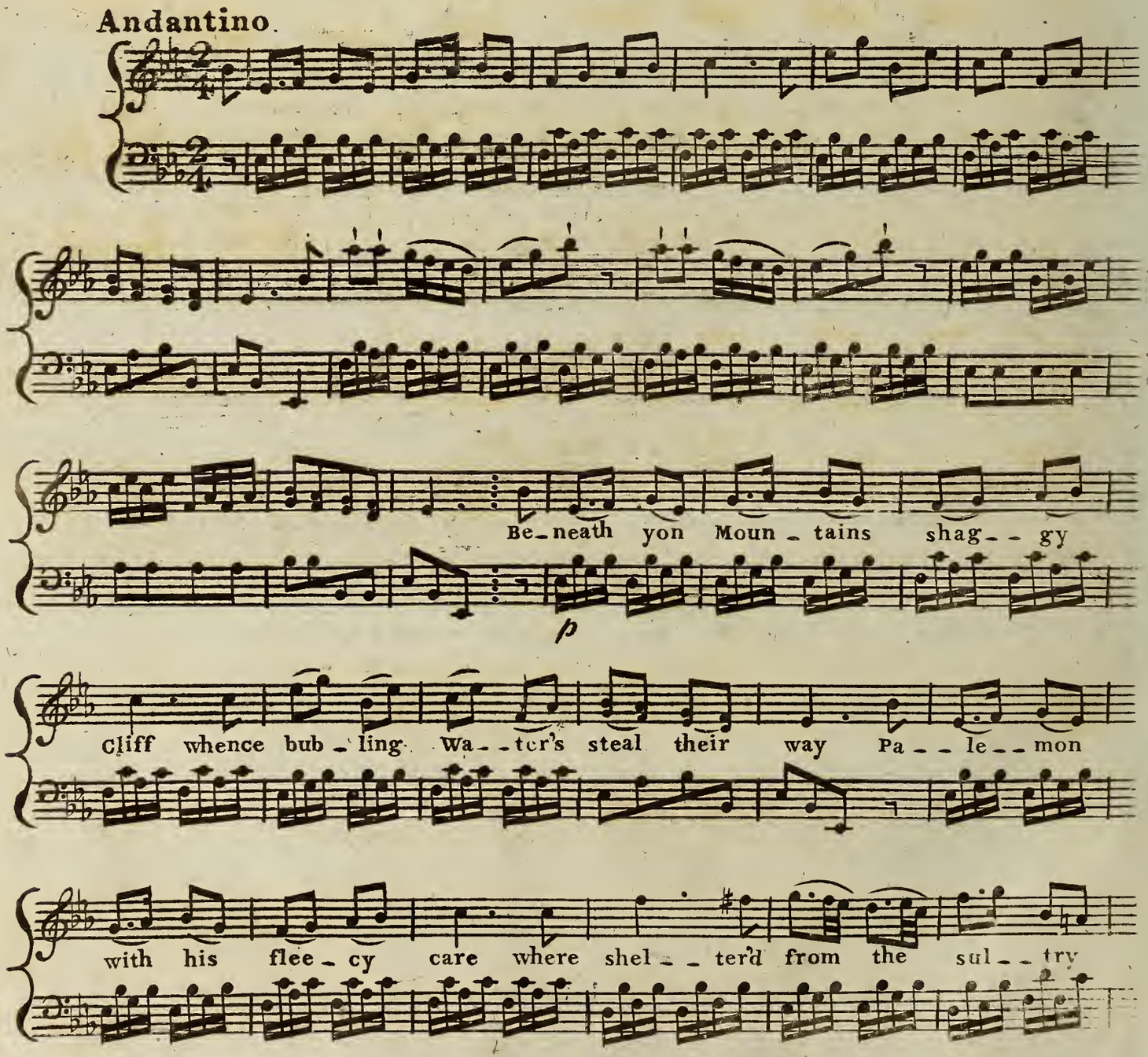
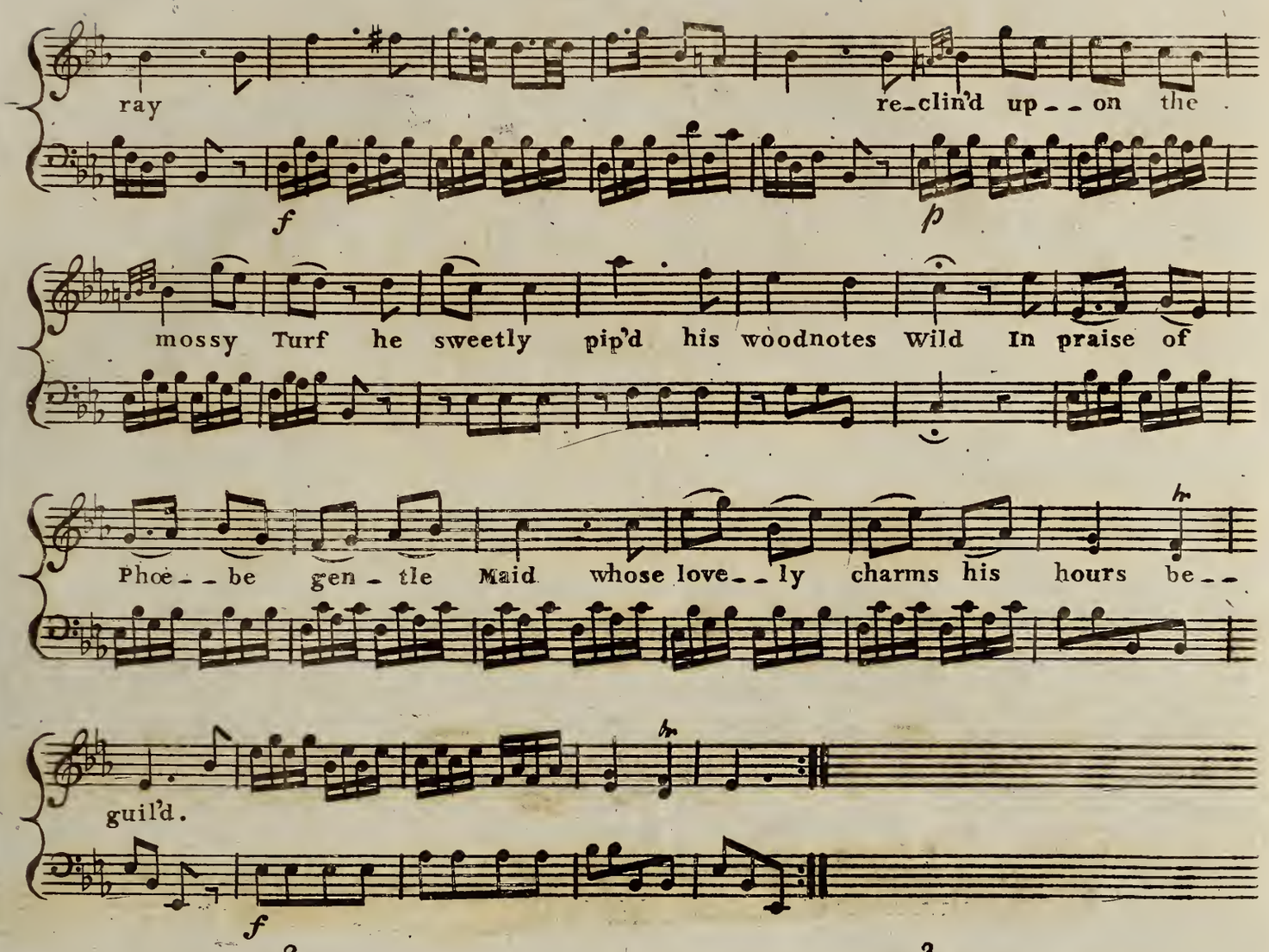

Andantino.
Be_neath yon Moun_tains shag_ _gy
p
cliff whence bub_ling Wa_ _ter's steal their way Pa_ _le_ _mon
with his flee_cy care where shel_ _ter'd from the sul_ _try



2

Soft Eccho listen'd to the Tune,
And quick to Phœbe bore the sound;
Which soon as heard she instant knew,
And smiling sought the enchanting Ground.
No sooner did the Nymph appear,
Than rapture fill'd Palemon's breast;
He rose and on her modest Cheek,
The Kiss of rapture fondly prest.

3

The varying blush her Face o'erspread,
As Lillies damask'd by the Rose;
While gentle tumults in each Breast,
Their mutual Love in sighs disclose.
When sudden open'd to their view,
Beneath the branches of an Oak;
A Village spire with Ivy drest,
And thus Palemon spoke.

4

Twelve moons my Love are gone and o'er,
Since first my youthfull heart you won;
Then haste my fair to yonder spire,
And there unite our Vows in one.
Together hied the rustic Pair,
With constancy their only wealth;
Nor wish'd for more while thus possess'd,
Of Love their Cot and rosy health.

MY MORN OF LOVE,

a favorite Ballad

The Words by Peter Pinder Esq.r

Composed by

SIG.R SCHOBERT.

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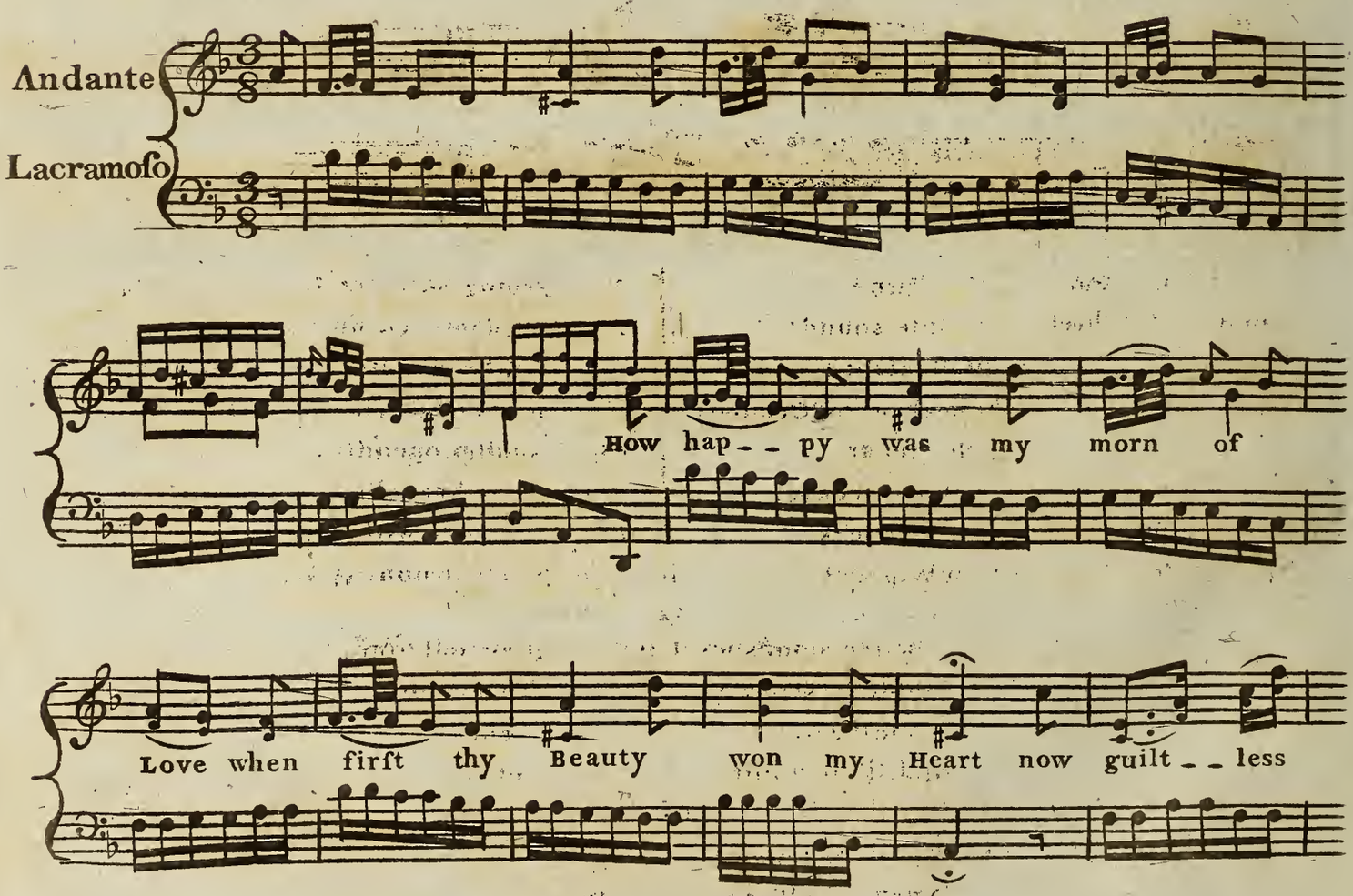

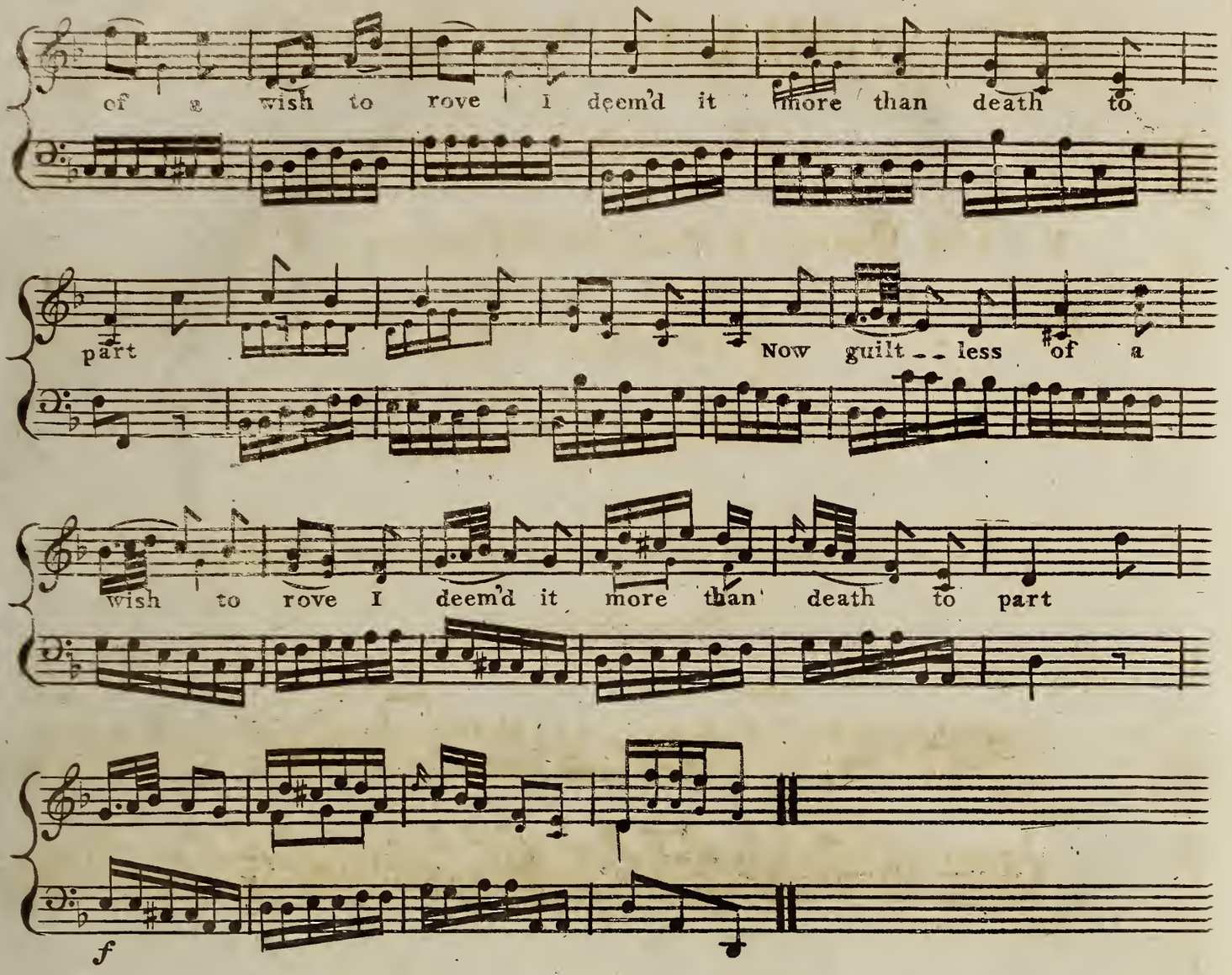

2

When e'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy Mien;
That spread with Flow'rs my distant way,
And show'rd delight on ev'ry Scene.

3

But Fortune envious of my Joys,
Hath rob'd a Lover of thy charms;
From me my sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to anothers arms.

4

Yet tho my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be ne'er ELIZA'S lot;
Yet Love protect thy heart from woe,
His wound to mine shall be forgot.

MY LOVELY DELIA IS SO FAIR,

a favorite Ballad

The Words by Struan Robertson Esq.r

Composed by

PLEYEL.

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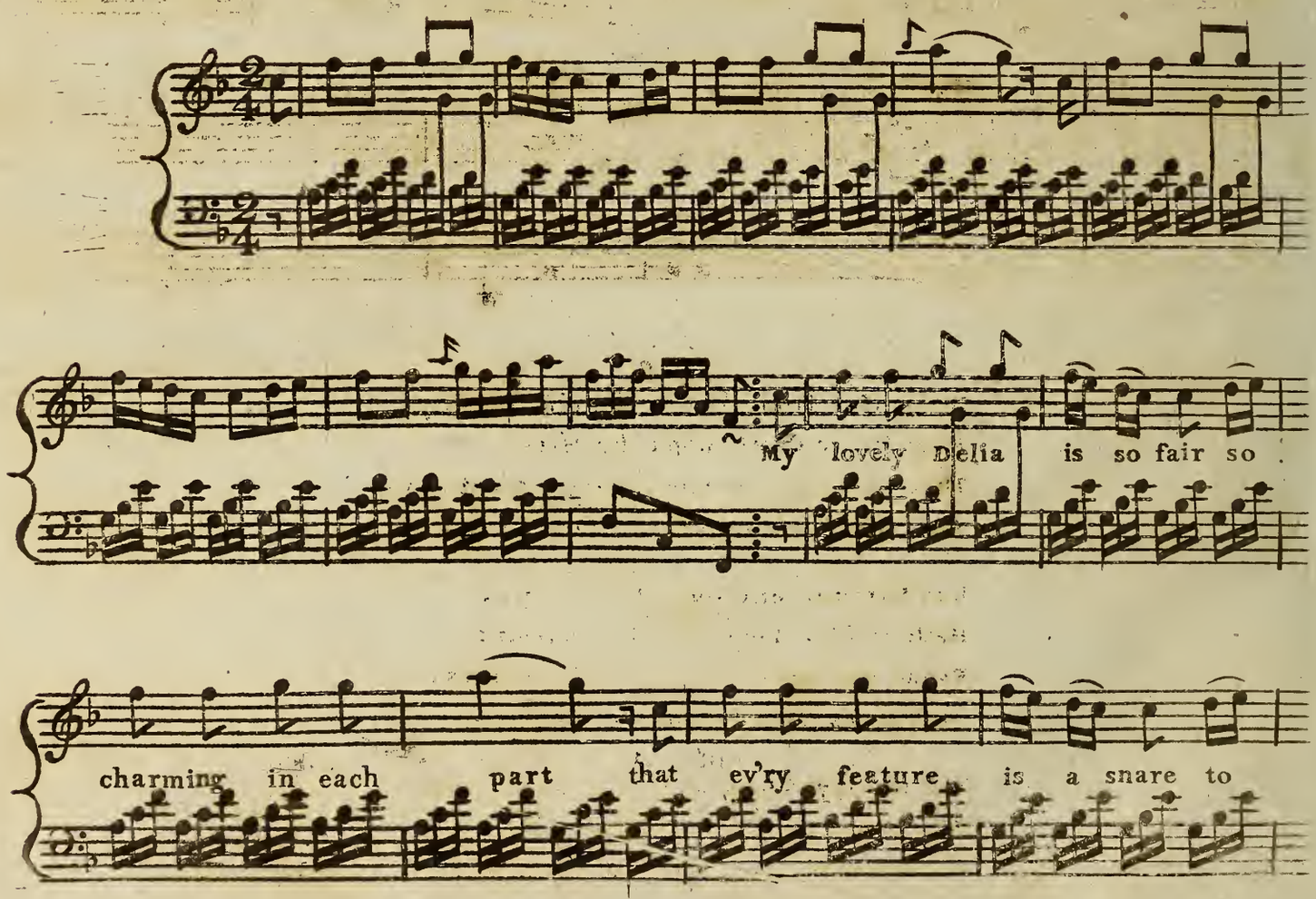

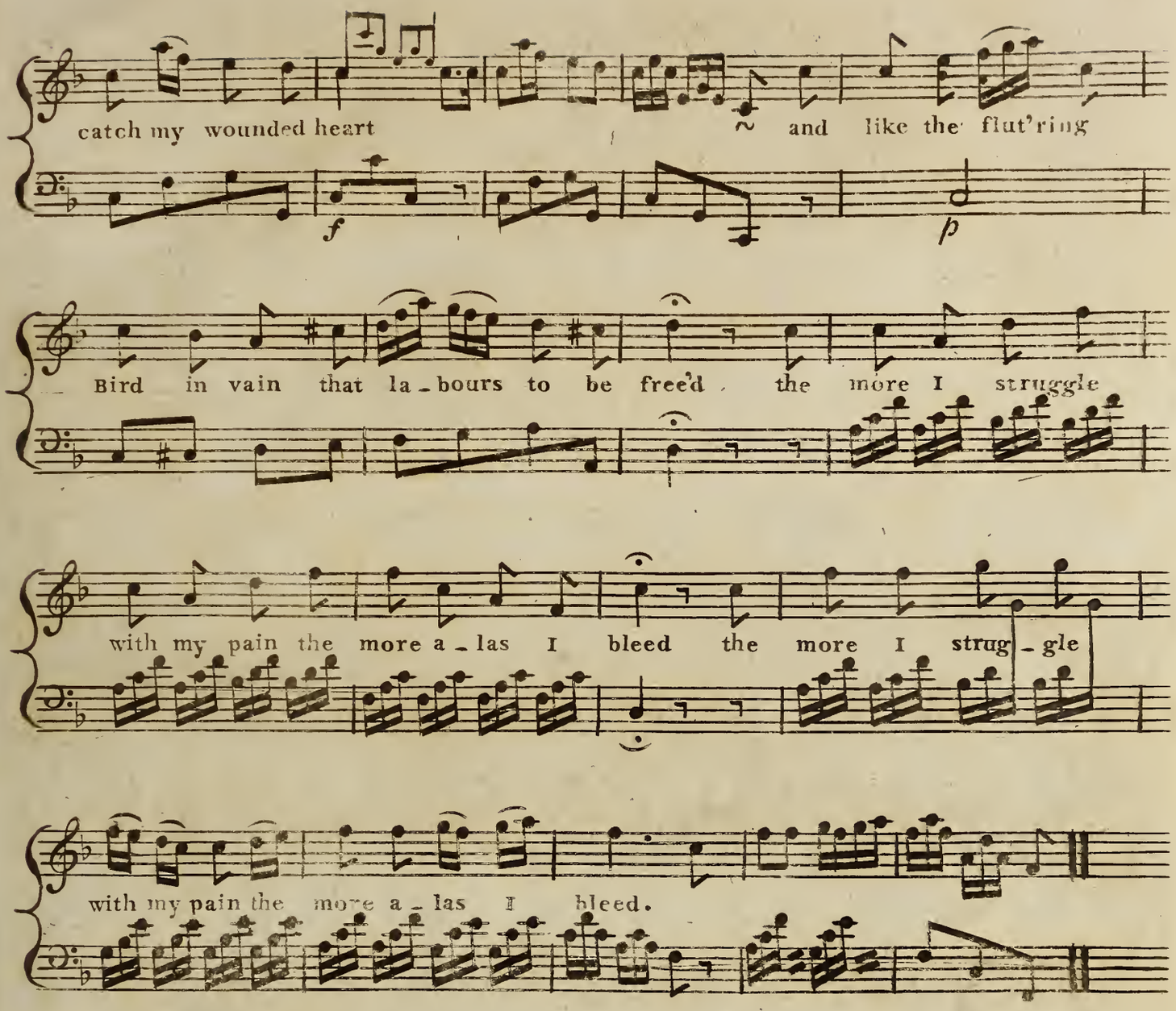
catch my wounded heart
and like the flut'ring
f
p
Bird in vain that la-bours to be freed the more I struggle
with my pain the more a-las I bleed the more I strug-gle
with my pain the more a-las I bleed.

2

Altho the Heav'ns her heart have made,
Insensible of Care;
Yet will I gaze nor hope for aid,
But gazing I despair;
Then tell me ye who read the Skies,
The mystery disclose;
Why for the pleasure of my eyes,
I forfeit my repose.